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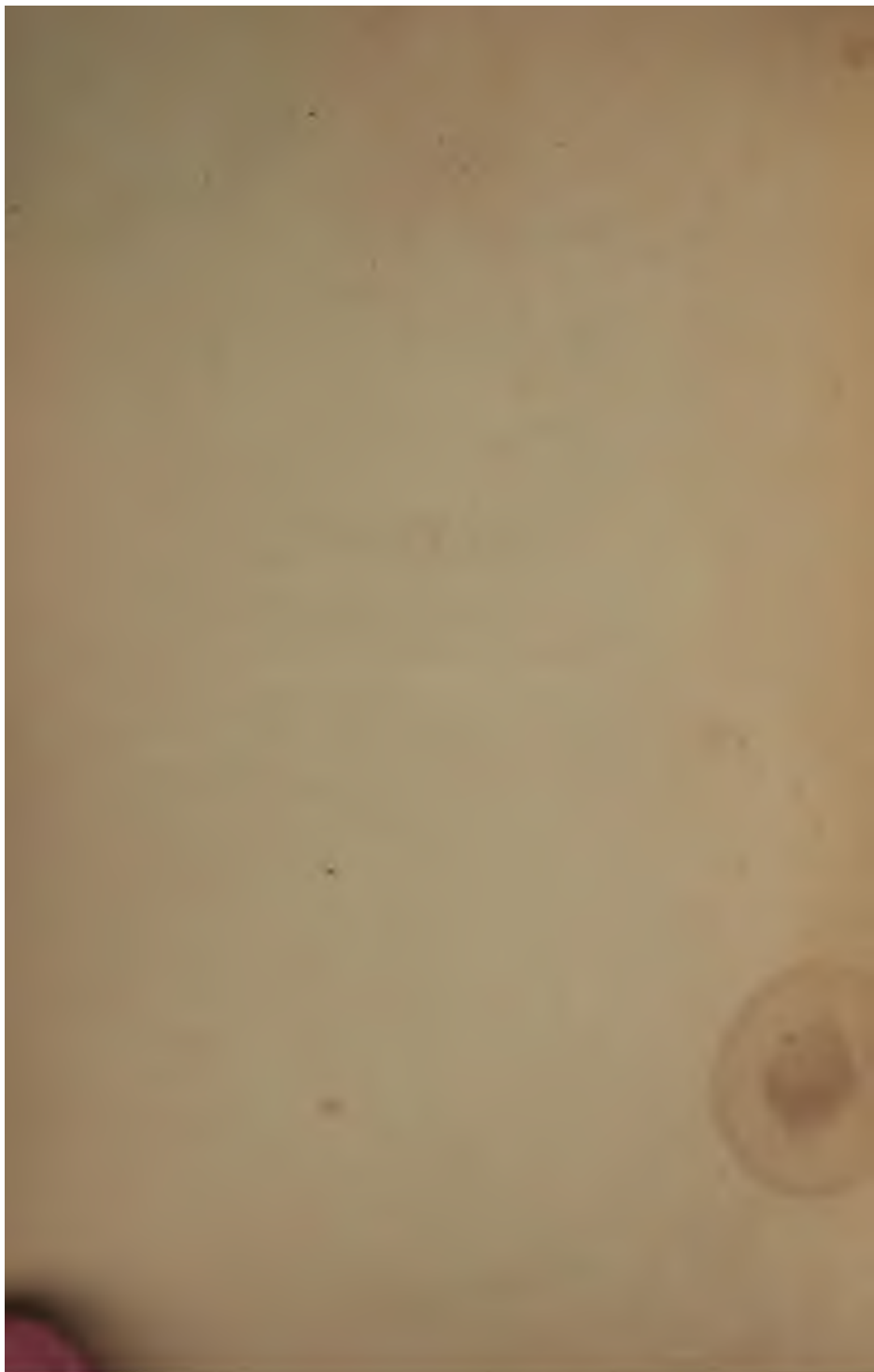


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FROM

Estate of Miss Mary W. Tucker

Mary W. Tucker
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C A T A L O G U E

OF

M O D E R N A R T.



MARY OF OUR VILLAGE.

CABINET

MODERN ART



BY THE EDITOR OF THE CABINET

AND THE EDITOR OF THE MODERN ART

1875

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CABINET

OF

MODERN ART,

A COLLECTION OF

TWENTY-FIVE SUBJECTS FROM MODERN MASTERS,

ENGRAVED

IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MEZZOTINTO.

ILLUSTRATED BY

APPROPRIATE ARTICLES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

1851.

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Miss Mary W. Tucker
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C A B I N E T O F A R T .

MARY OF OUR VILLAGE.

THAT May-day sun shone warm and bright
Upon the vale where I was born ;
But lovelier far to me the light
Of Mary's eye, that May-day morn.

That May-day eve was cold and sad ;
The very wild flowers seemed to grieve ;
The memory almost drives me mad,
My Mary, of that May-day eve.

The village bells, in merry chime,
That May-day morn, rang clear and gay ;
While, reckless of the flight of time,
We whiled the sunny hours away.

Beneath the weeping-willow bough,
Beside the brook that rippled by,—
Say, does thy memory cherish now
The look, the smile, the tear, the sigh ?

Upon my cheek thy flaxen hair
Fell, waving with the fitful wind,
As on the flowery carpet there
Our childish arms were intertwined.

Our childish arms? What fatal power
Awoke me from that childish dream,
And bade me use in evil hour
Words that no childish lips beseem?

I saw the cloud upon thy brow ;
I saw the tear-drops fall like rain ;
And blest the lip that scarce knew how
To seal the doom of life-long pain.

I blest the lip that never more
Might hail me by a "brother's" name,
And fled the scene so loved before,
With mind distraught and heart of flame.

Now years have flown, and seas divide
My soul from all it loved of yore :
Thou art another's happy bride,—
I, dying on a tropic shore.

Around me blooms eternal May,
But all its brighter charms are shorn ;
Joy's record notes one single day,
All memory but that May-day morn.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"I WON'T say yer honour's made a bad bargain, for Cæsar's a good dog and up to much—but for sure, Caleb has got twice the money out of ye, he should have done."

"A likely thing enough, girl, when one is dealing with your tribe."

"I never cheated yer honour, and many's the white crown I've taken at yer hands."

Mr. Beckenham, the gentleman to whom these words were addressed (the squire of the parish and lord of the manor), who had just been purchasing a dog from the speaker's relative, readily owned that this was true, and then whistling his dog to his side, passed forward; but, somewhat to his annoyance, the girl who had thus addressed him, took the same road.

Miriam Hassan was in truth a kind of privileged person; she was born a gipsy certainly, but her mother having become, in the latter part of her life, the settled inhabitant of a hovel in the neighbouring village, and considered "a decent body," Miriam partook the good will extended to her, and the pity her own overwhelming grief and lonely situation as an orphan demanded. She did not, however,

assimilate with any person around her, and it was undoubted, that all her attachments were to her kindred nomads, with whose wandering tribes she held frequent intercourse; a donkey, which formed all her earthly possessions, being frequently loaded by them with such merchandise as Miriam found most saleable through a certain circle of the country where she constantly perambulated, in order to obtain what she called "an honest livelihood."

That she had attained, even in childhood, the occult knowledge once possessed by her mother, was always believed by the servants at Beckenham Park, since never did his honour give a dinner (and he gave many), without Miriam and her donkey appearing, laden with the very things in which cook or housekeeper found themselves deficient; and although there were times when she lay under the suspicion of dealing with a high, but improper personage, convenience induced *them* to deal freely with *her*. On these occasions, the head of the house not unfrequently became a party; and if it were in the cold season of the year, his gentle daughter frequently made her appearance also, with some article of warm clothing which might add to the wanderer's comfort, or some little donation in money, which might augment the slender provision of her four-footed friend.

When this occurred, Miriam always obtained the praise due to gratitude and honesty, so that she had a right to utter the words we have recorded, and to look an appeal as to their truth in the face of her customer, great as he was. Whether Miriam was duly instructed on the subject of the

percentage usually required upon perishable subjects of commerce, or whether she thought it right that the squire should be charged moderately for the carp taken from his own ponds, the pigeons furnished by his own dove-cote, the hares snickled in his own meadows, we know not—it is only certain, she was industrious in procuring immediately the dainties required, and moderate in the price she demanded. She had a peculiarity of manner which united archness and penetration with anxiety to please and habitual civility; yet was by no means devoid of the characteristic freedom of observation, and carelessness of consequences, natural to one who owned no obligations of law or ceremony.

In the enjoyment of this mental liberty, and yet as it appeared, “on higher things intent,” Miriam trudged by the side of Mr. Beckenham some time in silence; but on his arrival at a gate opening into the park, she stepped forward, and, whilst undoing the latch, said with a grave and mysterious air,—

“It’s not altogether impossible, yer honour, I might say something that would just make yer heart some little easier. I’ve no great skill, mayhap, but such as I have, I’d be proud to use for yer honour.”

Mr. Beckenham had started at the words which implied a suspicion of his heart being ill at ease, for he could scarcely acknowledge it was so to himself, and for a moment he felt as if the gypsy girl had detected his emotions in no very creditable manner, and he muttered rather than answered,—

“‘Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,’ and for me hell shall never reveal it.”

“There’s a good deal passing on earth, sir, by your leave, that may be seen and heard by them that fear the first and scorn the last, without just referring to either. The dove in yer nest, and the wo in yer breast, ask only a father’s care and a man’s judgment.”

“Wo! I have no wo, girl, thank God.”

“A great solicitude’s not a little sorrow, to my mind, when it comes to a rich man’s bosom.”

“Solicitude!”

“Ay! just that, sir. Ye would give a pretty bird to a gilded cage because it hangs in a goodly bower; but yer heart misgives ye, and says, ‘Will my birdie sing or sigh when she gets there?’”

“How the plague could she read my thoughts so truly?” said Mr. Beckenham to himself, but to the young sibyl he vouchsafed no answer, but strode hastily forward in a manner that forbade intrusion, until perceiving that his new purchase was paying his devoirs most assiduously to Miriam, from whom he was loth to part; he told her to go to the house by a contrary path to that which he was pursuing, and take the dog with her.

Mr. Beckenham, when freed from observation, began naturally to soliloquize on that which was uppermost in his mind. “I have but one child, and it is natural that I should wish to marry her; and where could I look for a husband so suitable in every respect as young Trevor? His father was my friend—our estates join—he is hand-



some, and highly educated—if he had not been my Emily's admirer, how much I should have wished him to become such. Why, then, should I hesitate in—in—what should I say? *inducing* her to accept him—*insisting* upon her doing it? So I certainly would, if she were not so yielding, so gentle, so obedient to my wishes, that I know she would not refuse, yet might be unhappy in accepting, since I am certain she has had no predilection in his favour—

“But this is nonsense—*men* ought to be in love, and Trevor is so; in *woman* such decided inclination is not called for. A good man's attentions, added to a good woman's sense of duty, never fail to create connubial happiness, and attachment of the most tender and enduring nature. But is Trevor indeed good enough to make my sweet Emily thus happy? Will he understand a creature so diffident and retiring, and give her the support her real importance entitles my daughter to receive? Will he cherish her, and indulge her, as I have done, estimating her humility as a virtue, not presuming upon it as a medium of his own authority?—Oh! what a miserable old age should I have insured, if, as the gipsy says, ‘the dove in my nest’ were removed thence to a kite's dwelling, or even to an eagle's eyrie.”

At this moment Miriam approached him, leading the dog by a leash she had procured in his mansion.

“I thought it best to deliver Cæsar up to yer honour's own hand, for he's mighty loth to leave me; he's a good dog, but truth to say, he has his fancies, and hates some

particular persons wonderfully, so that he might do mischief amongst yer honour's company if not tied up."

"He does not fly at vagabonds and beggars, does he?"

"No, sir; there's no *ingratitude* in him, poor fellow; he loves his old friends, who have shared many a scanty bit with him."

The squire felt that he had spoken unfeelingly, and, with a more kindly look, he said, "I hope the dog is not fierce towards clergymen? *you* would not teach him that, my good girl, I know."

"Oh! no, sir! for was it not our own curate that brought Miss Beckenham to see my dear mother? and, for sure, I always thought it was like a saint fetching an angel to help a poor sinner. No! to my mind they are *vile curs* that bark at those who pray for us, and teach us, whether they run on two legs or four. I don't know one man in the three next parishes who rails at ministers of any sort, that does so from anything but shame or fear. There's our own blacksmith, your honour——"

"He's a bad man, sure enough, Miriam."

"And the old general, who swears so—and young——"

"Ay, ay, girl, you're right; but who is it that the dog dislikes? that's the question."

"All cross, ill-tempered, cruel people. He will look shy at any proud, hard-hearted man, and would snap at the king on the throne, if he weren't (as they say he is), a real good-natured soul. But trust Cæsar for never showing a tooth to a *good* man; and I'll be bound he'd die on the spot for you or your daughter."

“Well, we'll try him; but I think both you and the dog are rather wiser than you ought to be, Miriam—you know more of your neighbours than would be quite agreeable to them, if aware of it.”

“They that wander by bush and dingle, late and early, that buy of the wicked and sell to the mean (and barring your honour I've plenty such customers), must see something of all sorts, especially in *some cases*, when one's not as old as yer honour's pedigree, nor as ugly as one's own donkey.”

. As Miriam spoke, a deep blush gave richness to her olive skin, and brilliance to her dark eyes, but she turned away speedily, and was almost instantly out of sight, not, however, till her late querist had pronounced a eulogy on his daughter's discernment for calling her “as good as she was pretty,” and promising himself that he would befriend her more effectually if her habits permitted it.

But Mr. Beckenham's guests were now assembling—he adjourned to his dressing-room, and thence to the drawing-room, still accompanied by his new purchase. Guest after guest entered, and all was well until Mr. Trevor appeared, who was received naturally with more than usual cordiality by the master, but with such outrageous conduct on the part of the dog as to alarm the whole party, and occasion, of course, the expulsion of the offender, who was carefully immured for the rest of the day.

A shade came over the heart and reached the brow of their entertainer, which he endeavoured to banish by pointing out to a stranger guest some admired points in the

prospect from the window. Mr. Trevor stood beside them at the time; but, on its being remarked that the young clergyman, who was their latest visitant, was coming down the terrace, he turned away with an air of disdain, saying, "Surely, sir, you did not wait dinner for the curate?"

"Why not? He has been detained by doing his duty—besides, letting alone his office, which is sacred, and entitles him to respect, Mr. Monsal is a gentleman by birth, a distinguished scholar, and a worthy man: brother, too, to one of the bravest naval officers in our service."

"He may be all that, and more, for aught I know, but I confess I dislike all men of his cloth; and I am sorry to say Miss Beckenham seems partial to them—she has given the last hour entirely to the rector, who is as deaf as his own pulpit cushion."

Poor Mr. Beckenham, habitually hospitably and intentionally polite and attentive, never appeared to such disadvantage at his own table as on this eventful day; for not only was his mind troubled and his prospects blighted, but his conscience awakened, and continually whispering words of blame to one, who, with abundant wealth, had allowed himself to hanker after more; and who, after carefully educating his daughter as a religious and virtuous woman, had yet been willing to peril her present and eternal happiness, by marrying her to one whose estates he had examined, but whose principles and disposition he had taken on trust, in a case demanding rigid scrutiny.

Further conversation with Mr. Trevor confirmed his fears, and also his resolution to dismiss his suit; and having done

so, he felt an uncontrollable desire to see the gipsy girl, for, although he felt pretty sure the dog's aversion to Mr. Trevor belonged to the individual, rather than to general intuition, and might be naturally accounted for by Miriam, still she seemed some way linked with the situation of his family. Besides, Mr. Trevor had hinted something about the partiality of his Emily for the curate as being the true cause of her coldness to himself, and since Miriam also had coupled their names very closely, ought he not to inquire after it?

The gipsy girl had always her share of the broken victuals after a great dinner, therefore she was easily found; and when Mr. Beckenham showed a desire to ask her a few questions, professed a readiness to answer them, but at the same time assumed a dark, mysterious air, and affected to talk of the conjunction of certain planets, and the necessity of making an infusion of herbs by moonlight, and tracing circles in some magical incantation.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Beckenham; "leave off moonlight ramblings! You will spare Cæsar the trouble of discovering bad designs, and punishing bad men. Tell me, in plain English, whether you think Mr. Monsal is attached to any person in this neighbourhood."

"Yes! He loves General Davies's niece; and he will marry her too, sooner than he expects, for the General died of gout in the head not an hour ago. Mr. Monsal entered your house by the library as I came to the kitchen."

"Umph! I will tell him the news, and see how he is affected by it; but, surely, he never could be such a fool as to think of my Emily—and she—she has never thought of a lover."

“‘The foam of the sea’ alone can answer *that*,” said the gipsy, resuming her oracular sententiousness.

The squire, too much agitated to laugh at her pretensions, hastened to the library—he found his daughter seated at her piano, just beginning to sing a song which Mr. Monsal was placing before her, and, to his surprise, she uttered these words,—

“The foam of the sea on this bosom may rest,
The foam of the sea—”

“What can you possibly mean—what are you singing, Emily?” This question to the timid, and, as she thought, *discovered* girl, was unanswerable. She appealed to Mr. Monsal by a look, which, in her father’s opinion, gave the lie to Miriam’s assertion, and he hastily inquired, “Whether he did or did not pay his addresses to the General’s niece?”

“I do, my good sir; and most fervently do I love and esteem her; but you know her uncle’s unhappy prejudice.”

“Ay, ay, I know all that is unhappy about him—but that is past—he will no longer oppose you—no raptures on the subject; but tell me at once what *you* mean—what my daughter means by ‘The foam of the sea;’ they seem to me simple words, but I am convinced they have a meaning—a connexion, a something, that is cabalistic, and understood only by the initiated—of whom I mean to become one.”

The curate looked in Emily’s eyes—she blushed, trembled, but was silent, and his looks seemed to depend on hers for the power of revelation.

"I must ask Miriam, the gipsy girl, for explanation."

"She can give you none, I am sure," said the curate.

"Yet she told me but this moment that 'The foam of the sea' would tell me everything I wished to know. Surely it is hard that such a father as I have been should seek to learn from *her*, what Emily could tell me in a moment!"

"Dear father, the truth is, that Captain Monsal (you know Captain Monsal) wrote this song—that this gentleman composed it, and that I was going to play it—and—and—in short—to sing it."

"And is that all? It is foam, truly."

"Not *all*, dear father—not *all*—poor Monsal has long loved your Emily; and certainly I—do not blame me, I never will marry, but I confess—I do confess that I love him."

"But you won't marry him, you say;—why not? You have a large independent fortune in right of your beloved mother—what signifies my opinion?"

"Signifies! Oh, surely, everything to me; it was that very power that sealed my lips:—without your approbation I never marry."

"But I give it you, my child, in this case, fully, freely. We have been both to blame:—I have brought you up in a seclusion which has made you too timid, and nearly led me into a fatal error. How much I have feared and suffered, only myself and the gipsy knows; she shall be well cared for, cunning and tricky as she is, for the girl is truly

modest, and has a thankful heart. Bow, wow, wow! ah, Cæsar, my fine fellow, you shall never want a bone while Beckenham Woods have a bough! But the events now crowding on us are not matter for light gratulation; your happiness, dear Monsal, is connected with an awful removal, and even ours, sweet as it is, yet tells us to 'rejoice with trembling.' "

THE RESURRECTION OF HOPE.

A MODERN MYTH.

[In modernising the well-known story of Pandora, it becomes necessary to do so much violence to the strict letter of the legend, that the classic scholar will hardly demand an apology for the assumption that Vulcan, in framing the graceful bearer of the fatal box, framed also the charmer whose smile was destined to prove an antidote to all her poisons. Still less apology is necessary for claiming Themis, the goddess of abstract justice, as the patroness of human rights, or for representing her world-disgusted daughter, Astrea, as reconciled to humanity by the outbreak of the American Revolution. The sleep of civic Hope, from the age of Perseus to that of Washington, is a mere truism.—EDITOR.]

SPIRIT of Hope, what were this life without thee! There was a time, long, long ago, when the world itself was young and romantic, like an inexperienced child,—when bearded men trembled if they chanced to pass through the dark valley or peer into the gloomy cavern, lest the spirits of evil should leap from their hiding-places upon the lonely wayfarer; just as the little schoolboy trembles now, when the evening overtakes him on his homeward way, and the village gravestones shine white in the light of the rising moon. There was a time when every rill and rivulet had its familiar spirit—when sylphs and fairies hid themselves in every flower-cup, and grave old matrons worshipped in good faith the little rosy-cheeked rascal who aimed his arrows from the grove of ruby stamina deep down within

the petals of the rose. They worshipped him—fickle and treacherous though their poets painted him—as the author of our highest joys and the boy-ruler of the elder gods. They shook beneath his power; just as the modern Miss, when midway in her teens, thrills with a mysterious and incomprehensible feeling when the spring flowers put forth: and still, as she imitates their pure and blushing beauties in all the glory of toy water-colours and gum Arabic varnish, upon her card-rack or her mother's firescreen, the same chubby cheeks and the same quaint bow and arrows appear within the lily-bell, while, with a faith at least half mythic, she sighs, "I hope he will reserve one lucky shaft for me."

But science has driven from the maturer mind the dreams of those old days. Saturn, the Father of the Gods—the fountain-spring of pagan piety—banished, half seen in the abyss of space—serves but to point a moral, when the sage divine reminds us how far, how very far, even in our Christian days, the busy cares of life remove the mind from the great Source of good. A little nearer; Jupiter, the emblem of kingly power, yet adds a feeble ray to the rich pageantry of night; but, buried and almost lost in the unclouded brilliance of our Columbian skies, his beam steals down upon the soul like the memory of long-forgotten things, dimly and faintly traced upon the mist of ages. Mars, red Mars, it is true, shines with a warmer ray, and from some modern heroes of the moustache, continues to claim his heathenish rites. But his is a feeble worship in these latter days, when *arma cedunt togæ*, and, *laus Deo!* the halls of Congress, in this great "logocracy" at least, furnish a

noble safety-valve for the fumes of martial fury. 'Tis hard for Mars himself to light the sacrificial flame upon an altar of anthracite; he fails even to kindle the more combustible material in a bale of cotton! Still coursing between us and the sun, Venus hangs like an ear-drop on the cheek of Vesper, and sometimes forms a momentary occultation, casting a shadow on our senses and our reason; while Mercury, the trader, is fairly swallowed up in the golden beams of Apollo, and his votaries have *vamosed* to California.

The elder gods are banished or deposed:—their offspring, Dryad and Faun, Sylph, Naiad and Nereid, are all no more, or live but in the memory of juvenile romance. If yet, indeed, *some* trace of old idolatry remain with full-grown children of the civic school, it is not for the spirit, but the emblem;—Diana's silver shield, Apollo's golden spear, and Venus's jewelled zone. Of all the mythic dreams—beautiful dreams of the world's youth!—but one remains familiar to our pillow. That one, fair spirit, is thyself.

Yet even thy smile is rarely and dimly visible throughout three-fourths of the populous earth. Africa has long been plunged in the darkest abyss of Night, save where Liberia receives a faint reflection from beneath the starry banner of the Pioneer of Nations. Asia, the fatherland of man, is one wide, gloomy dungeon of oppression, except where Turkey shames the Christian world, by stretching, with trembling arm, her shield before the victims of heaven-daring Russia and the butchering tools of the false, imbecile, forsworn house of Lorraine. Hungary, the bulwark of

Christendom, has fallen; France,—given over to Nemesis when Themis planted her standard on our northern hills and breathed her holy mysteries into the ear of Washington, by the banks of the broad Potomac,—stumbles and gropes in the twilight of thy rays obliquely cast across the broad Atlantic. England, though nearer to the light, is given over to Plutus and diplomacy. With honour, high honour, on her tongue, she wins her purblind way with all the treachery of gold. Alas for the twin bulwarks of the West!—the Gaul *mercurial* in purpose and the Briton in faith;—each boasting of their freedom while their feet are planted on the necks of the young nations struggling to be free!

But hail, all hail to thee, twin sister of Freedom! Hail to thee, on thy own, thy natal soil! When Vulcan fashioned thy delicate limbs and tempered thy gem-like eyes, he forged a virgin anvil for his peerless work from the green glens of the iron-ribbed Alleghanies, and from the shores of the dark-rolling Lehigh he seized the fuel for his furnace. Thy limbs were from the marble hills of Maine; thy cheek was tinted with the beams caught from the Georgian rose; thy glance the sheen of the emerald, as it lay unseen by man upon the margin of the golden-sanded Gila. Daughter of Solitude, warmed into life by the prophetic breathings of the winds, as they swept through the trackless and unmeasured woods, whispering of giant nations yet to be, old Europe cast thee forth in terror, when she first found thee sleeping in the fatal box from which ten thousand plagues had winged their flight. Gazing upon the terrible ministers

of corruption let loose upon the world by angry Jove, she failed to recognise thy soul-inspiring features, and flung thee to the winds,—the last sad solace of an impious race that stole heaven's fire, and planted by that deed deep in their bosoms' core the undying sting of mad Ambition. They flung thee to the winds,—those fated fools who, from that hour, have claimed "the right divine" to whelm one half the world in wo—in tears—in blood! But the winds bore thee to thy natal shore—to thy long sleep of ages in the untrodden forests of a new world—there to abide the dawning of a brighter day!

Time treads his weary course, but the hour and the man approach. The hoarse winds murmur to each other, "The day draws nigh, and the hero stands prepared! Brothers, await the signal!"—They paused. There is silence over half the world,—dread silence, the courier of the tempest. What sounds are those coming upon the ear of night in measured fall, like to the foot of time beating the seconds through the dark hour that ushers in the dawn? What gleams so dimly by yon winding path among the eastern hills? 'Tis the tramp of the armed heel!—'tis the glancing of plumed helmets!

And the storm-fiend shouted to the winds, "Awake the sleeper!"

Up shot the beacon flame! Roaring and echoing from vale to vale, rose the fierce voice of war; while from each

cleft and hedge, from every cottage door and rude old fence, pattered the deadly shot and the sharp rifle cracked. Then came the roll of the drum, and the shout, and the terror-cry, and the peal of the village bell, and the glare of the beacon flame. From hill to hill—from town to town—fire answered fire, and bell replied to bell; and, startled by the thrilling peal, the swarming thousands rushed to meet the foe. On swept that mingled wave of light and sound—on, to the last rude log cabin that clung like a wounded eagle to rocks of that huge wall which bounded, in those days, the infant Empire of the West,—on, till it burst in one broad breaker over the mountain barrier, and the far echo gave notice to the spirits of the wilderness,—“’Tis time!”

Then boomed the dread “Artillery of the Mountains!” Heaven heard the fated voice, and then, awaking with a start, fair Goddess, thy broad wing expanded over half the world. Beneath the spring-like radiance of thine eye—beneath the sun-tinted shadows glancing from thy pinion,—Themis upreared the **snaky** banner on the heights of Bunker Hill. But while the loosed winds raved, and, through the sulphurous war-cloud, raged the fierce tempest of domestic discord, Astrea, the Titan-born, touched by thy magic wand, looked once more smilingly on the abandoned world, and wove from the looms of heaven the standard of the free! Then, when the din of elemental strife subsided, while gray-haired Time gathered the scattered wrecks, mournfully writing on the hearts of men the epitaphs of the fallen brave, she dashed upon the many-coloured warp a galaxy of stars,

and, once more swooping on her angel-wing, drove the tall banner-staff deep into the granite breast of the sky-daring Alleghanies, there to remain for ever; *thy* beacon to the nations, and her own.

Those days are past — those struggles live but in the memory of the millions whose sires, beneath the shadow of thy wing, carved with their swords, upon the virgin soil of a new world, the first pure altar sacred to Hope and Justice, and redeemed a prostrate race from the dread penalty decreed by Jove, for laying impious hands upon the fire of Heaven and claiming, for human ignorance and pride, the divine right to oppress. Goddess! Thy mission is complete, thy task is done. The moral plagues which for three thousand years have cursed the world in riot and in revel uncontrolled, deeming thy sleep eternal, are fading fast away. Where the iron grasp of Despotism is severest, even there the people gaze upon the dawn-tinted stripes that beautify the banner of the free, and their clenched fingers tighten on the sword-hilt as their hearts yearn towards thee.

Bound on, then, gentle spirit! •Bear aloft the wreath of Liberty, while the young western nations gambol and sport around thee, cling to thy garments, and, basking in thy smile, struggle to reach a prize like that already resting on the stately brow of thy first-born, Columbia. Soon, also, shall the old world, rising, like a Phoenix, through the flames of yet another dread but necessary conflict, stand forth expurged by fire and fitted to be free.

Then shall the assembled nations join in one wild hymn

of praise to thee and to thy sister Freedom;—Freedom! the forest-born,—while the winds shall bear around the gladdened earth the glorious refrain:

“Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.”

Then, when the people have trampled in the dust the impious motto “*Dieu et mon droit*,”—then, when Pandora’s fatal embassy shall be complete, then, gentle Goddess, spread “thy soft wing,” and soar above the stars. Earth need not hold thee longer—we will look to thee in heaven!

GULRAINAU,

OR THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

GULRAINAU, Rose of Beauty,
Say, who and whence art thou,
With thy lily-white neck and thy soft blue eye
And gently arching brow?

Thy eyes are like the flower
That floats on Tigris' tide,
And thy hair would grace, in the sunniest hour,
The acacia in its pride;

And in thy swelling figure
We trace Euphrates' wave,
As it gracefully bends with its foam-wreath pure
The gem-decked shore to lave.

But where the acacia blossoms
The eye hath darker hue,
And the spirit that with thy wild song comes
Would shame the bulbul too;

The rose of Shiraz blushes,
And Persian cheeks are brown,
And the gem-decked shore no foam-wreath sees
To mate thy breast of down !

From some far-distant region
We hail thee, wandering here,
Like an houri—child of a milder sun,
Born in a happier sphere :

Then tell me, Rose of Beauty !
From what bright land art thou,
With thy amber locks and thy sapphire eye
And rainbow-arching brow ?

THE HOURI.

A PERSIAN TALE.

IN the 414th year of the Hegira, Shah Abbas Selim reigned in the kingdom of Iraun. He was a young and an accomplished prince, who had distinguished himself alike by his valour in the field and by his wisdom in the cabinet. Justice was fairly and equally administered throughout his dominions; the nation grew wealthy and prosperous under his sway; and the neighbouring potentates, all of whom either feared his power or admired his character, were ambitious of being numbered among the friends and allies of Abbas Selim. Amidst all these advantages, a tendency to pensiveness and melancholy, which had very early marked his disposition, began to assume an absolute dominion over him. He avoided the pleasures of the chase, the banquet, and the harem, and would shut himself up for days and weeks in his library (the most valuable and extensive collection of oriental literature extant), where he passed his time principally in the study of the occult sciences, and in the perusal of the works of the Magians and the astrologers. One of the most remarkable features of his character was the indifference with which he regarded the beautiful females, Circassians, Georgians, and Franks, who thronged his court,

and who tasked their talents and charms to the utmost to find favour in the eyes of the shah. Exclamations of fondness for some unknown object would, nevertheless, often burst from his lips in the midst of his profoundest reveries ; and, during his slumbers, he was frequently heard to murmur expressions of the most passionate love. Those of his subjects whose offices placed them near his person were deeply afflicted at the symptoms which they observed, and feared that they indicated an aberration of reason ; but when called upon to give any directions, or take any step for the management of the affairs of the nation, he still exhibited his wonted sagacity and wisdom, and excited the praise and wonder of all.

He had been lately observed to hold long and frequent consultations with the Magians. The kingdom had been scoured from east to west in search of the most skilful and learned men of this class ; but, whatever were the questions which Abbas Selim propounded, it seemed that none of them could give satisfactory answers. His melancholy deepened, and his fine manly form was daily wasting under the influence of some unknown malady. The only occupations which seemed at all to soothe him were singing and playing on his dulcimer. The tunes were described, by those who sometimes contrived to catch a few notes of them, to be singularly wild and original, and such as they had never heard before. A courtier, more daring than the rest, once ventured so near the royal privacy as to be able to distinguish the words of a song, which were to the following effect:—

Sweet spirit, ne'er did I behold
Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold ;
Or gaze into thy full dark eye ;
Or on thy snowy bosom lie ;
Or take in mine thy small white hand ;
Or bask beneath thy smilings bland ;
Or walk, enraptured, by the side
Of thee, my own immortal bride !

I see thee not ; yet oft I hear
Thy soft voice whispering in my ear ;
And, when the evening breeze I seek,
I feel thy kiss upon my cheek ;
And when the moonbeams softly fall
On hill, and tower, and flower-crowned wall,
Methinks the patriarch's dream I see,—
The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
The viewless harp-strings of the wind,
When on my ears their soft tones fell
Sweet as the voice of Isra'el.
I've seen thee, midst the lightning's sheen,
Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
And give one glimpse, one transient glare,
Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft, midst my wanderings wild and wide,
I know that thou art by my side ;
For flowers breathe sweeter 'neath thy tread,
And suns burn brighter o'er thy head ;
And though thy steps so noiseless steal,
And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,
My throbbing heart and pulses high
Tell me, sweet spirit, thou art nigh.

Oh, for the hour, the happy hour,
 When Azrael's wings shall to thy bower
 Bear my enfranchised soul away,
 Unfettered with these chains of clay !
 For what is he whom men so fear—
 Azrael, the solemn, and severe—
 What but the white-robed priest is he,
 Who weds my happy soul to thee ?

Then shall we rest in bowers that bloom
 With more than Araby's perfume,
 And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
 Thought never soared so proud a height ;
 And list to many a sweeter note
 Than swells th' enamoured bulbul's throat ;
 And one melodious Ziraleet*
 Through heaven's eternal year repeat.

One evening, when the Shah was thus occupied, his prime minister and favourite, Prince Ismael, introduced into his apartment a venerable man, whose white hair, long flowing beard, and wan and melancholy but highly intellectual features, failed not to arrest the attention and command the respect of all who beheld him. His garments were plain and simple, even to coarseness, but he was profusely decorated with jewels, apparently of considerable value, and he bore a long white wand in his hand. "I have at length, oh king!" said the minister, "met with the famous Achmet **H**assan, who professes that if it be in the power of any mortal to procure the gratification of your highness's wishes, that power resides in him."

* A song of rejoicing.

“Let him enter,” said the Shah. The minister made an obeisance, introduced the sage, and retired.

“Old man,” said Abbas Shah, “thou knowest wherefore I have sought thee, and what I have desired of thee?”

“Prince,” said Achmet, “thou wouldst see the houri, the queen of thy bower of paradise; her who, in preference to all the other dark-eyed daughters of heaven, will greet thee there, and shall be thy chosen companion in those blissful regions.”

“Thou sayest it,” said the Shah. “Can thy boasted art procure me a sight, be it even transitory as the lightning’s flash, of that heavenly being?”

“King of Iraun,” said the sage, “the heavenly houris are of two different natures. They are, for the most part, of a peculiar creation formed to inhabit those bowers; but a few are sinless and beautiful virgins, natives of this lower world, who after death are endowed with tenfold charms, which surpass even those of the native daughters of paradise. If thy immortal bride be of the former nature, she is beyond the reach of my art; but if she be of the latter, and have not yet quitted our world, I can call her spirit before thee, and thine eyes may be gratified by gazing upon her, although it will be only for a moment, transitory, as thou hast said, as the lightning’s flash.”

“Try, then, thy potent art,” said the Prince. “Thou hast wound up my spirit to a pitch of intense desire. • ~~Let~~ me gaze upon her, if it be but for an instant.”

“Prince,” said the sage, fixing his dark, bright eye upon the Shah, “hope not to possess her upon earth. Any attempt

at discovering her abode, or making her thy own, will be disastrous to you both. Promise me that thou wilt not think of any such enterprise."

"I promise thee anything—everything. But haste thee, good Achmet, haste thee; for my heart is full, even to overflowing."

The sage then with his wand described a circle round the Prince, within which he placed several boxes of frankincense and other precious spices, and afterwards kindled them. A light thin cloud of the most odorous fragrance began to diffuse itself over the apartment. Achmet bowed his head to the ground repeatedly during this ceremony, and waved his wand, uttering many sounds in a language with which the Shah was unacquainted. At length, as the cloud began to grow rather dense, the old man drew himself up to his utmost height, leaned his right hand on his wand, which he rested on the floor, and, in a low, solemn tone, uttered an incantation, which seemed to be a metrical composition, but was in the same unknown language. It lasted several minutes; and while the old man was pronouncing it, the cloud, which was spread over the whole apartment, seemed gradually gathering together and forming a condensed body. An unnatural but very brilliant light pervaded the chamber, and the cloud was seen resolving itself into the resemblance of a human shape, until at length the Prince saw, or fancied that he saw, a beautiful female figure standing before him. His own surprise was not greater than that of the old man, who gazed upon the phantom he had raised, and trembled as he gazed. It appeared to be a young female, about fifteen

years of age. She was tall, and her form exhibited the most wonderful symmetry. Her eyes were large, bright, and black. Her complexion was as though it had borrowed the combined hues of the ruby and the pearl, being of an exquisite white and red. Her lips and her teeth each exhibited one of these colours in perfection, and her long dark hair was crowned with flowers, and flowed in glossy ringlets down to her waist. She was dressed in a long flowing robe of dazzling whiteness; she neither moved nor spoke; only once the Prince thought that she smiled upon him, and then the figure instantly vanished, the preternatural light left the apartment, and the mild moonbeams again streamed through the open lattices.

Before the exclamation of joy which was formed in the Prince's bosom could reach his lips, it was changed into a yell of disappointment. "Old man," he said, "thou triflest with me—thou hast presented this vision to my eyes only that thou mightst withdraw it immediately. Call back that lovely form, or, by Mahomet! thou shalt exchange thy head for the privilege which thou hast chosen to exercise of tormenting Abbas Selim."

"Is it thus, oh King!" said Achmet, "that thou rewardest the efforts made by thy faithful subjects to fulfil thy wishes? I have tasked my art to its utmost extent: to call back that vision, or to present it again to thine eyes, is beyond my skill."

"But she lives—she breathes—she is an inhabitant of this world?" said the Prince.

"Even so," returned the other.

“Then I’ll scour all Iraun, I’ll despatch emissaries all over the world, that, wherever she be, she may be brought hither to fill up the vacuum in my heart, and to share the throne of Abbas Selim!”

“The instant,” said Achmet, “that your highness’s eyes meet hers, her fate is sealed. She will not long remain an inhabitant of this world. It is written in the Book of Fate that she shall not be the bride of mortal man.”

“Death, traitor!” said the monarch; “am I not the Shah? Who shall gainsay my will?—what shall oppose it?”

“The will of Heaven!” replied the sage, calmly. “The irrevocable decrees of destiny.”

“Away! avaunt! thou drivelling idiot!” said Selim; “let me not see thee more.”

The Shah’s maladies, both mental and bodily, increased alarmingly after this event. The lovely phantom haunted him sleeping and waking. He lost all appetite and strength, and appeared to be fast sinking into the grave. At length he bethought himself that if he could, from memory, sketch the features which he had beheld, he might possibly thence derive some consolation. He possessed some talent for drawing—his remembrance of the form and features was most vivid and distinct—and, guiding his pencil with his heart rather than his hand, he succeeded in producing a most extraordinary likeness. He then summoned into his presence a skilful and accomplished limner, in whose hands he deposited the sketch, and describing to him the colour of

the hair, eyes, and complexion, of the original, he desired him to paint a portrait.

The limner gazed upon the sketch, and listened to the description with profound attention and evident surprise. "Surely," said he, "I have seen her whose features are here delineated. Indeed they are features which are not easily mistaken, for she is beautiful as one of the damsels of Paradise."

"Sayest thou so?" said the monarch, starting from his seat, while he tore from his turban some jewels of inestimable value, which he thrust into the painter's hand. "Knowest thou where to find her?"

"She lives in the southern suburbs," answered the limner. "Her name is Selima, and her father is a poor but learned man, who is constantly buried in his studies, and is unconscious of the value of the gem which is hidden under his humble roof."

"Haste thee, good Ali, haste thee! bring her hither—let no difficulties or dangers impede thee, and there is not a favour in the power of the monarch of Iraun to grant which thou shalt ask in vain."

Ali flew rather than ran to the abode of his fair friend, in whose welfare he had always taken a lively interest. He knocked at the door, which was opened by the lovely Selima herself.

"Sweet Selima," he said, "I have strange news for thee."

"Speak it then," she answered smilingly; "be it bad or good, the sooner I hear it the better."

"I have a message for thee from the Shah."

"The Shah!" she said, and her eyes sparkled with a mysterious expression of intelligence and wonder; but, extraordinary as was the information, she did not appear to entertain the slightest doubt of its veracity. "'Tis wondrous strange!"

"'Tis true," said the limner. "He placed in my hands a sketch for a female portrait, in which I instantly recognised your features."

"It is but a few days ago," said she, "that I had an extraordinary dream. Methought I was in an apartment of surprising extent and magnificence. A cloud of fragrant odours filled the room; the cloud became gradually condensed, and then assumed the form of a young man of most majestic form and handsome features. Although I had never seen the Shah, I soon knew, by his pale, proud brow, so sad and yet so beautiful, his bright, sparkling blue eye, his tall, stately form, and his regal gait, that this could be none other than Abbas Selim. He smiled sweetly upon me, he took my hand in his, and as his lips approached mine I woke, and saw only the cold moonbeams gilding my chamber."

"Sweet Selima! why have I never heard of this before?"

"I told it all to my father," she said; "but he frowned upon me, and bade me think of it no more, and to tell my dream to no one. But thy strange message has made me violate his command. I have thought of nothing but Abbas Selim since. How happy ought the nation to be

whom he governs; and, above all, how happy the maiden whom he loves!"

"Then art thou, my Selima, supremely happy," said the limner; "for of thee is he enamoured to desperation. Thou must accompany me immediately to the palace."

In the mean time the Shah paced his apartment in an agony of impatience. "Curse on this lingering limner!" he exclaimed; "has he combined with the Magian to drive me to distraction? May every vile peasant press to his heart the being whom he adores, and am I, the lord of this vast empire, to sigh in vain, and to be continually tormented with faint and momentary glimpses of the heaven from which I am debarred?"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the private entrance to his apartment, to which he had given the painter a passport, opened, and his messenger entered, leading his fair companion by the hand. No sooner did the monarch's eyes encounter those of Selima, than he instantly knew that he was in the real, substantial presence of her whose phantom he had beheld. His wonder and delight knew no bounds, nor will the power of language suffice to describe them. He pressed to his heart the object for which it had so long panted. Health and strength appeared to be suddenly restored to him; new life seemed rushing through his veins; and his buoyant step and elastic tread seemed to belong to a world less gross and material than that in which he dwelt. When the first paroxysm of his rapture was over, he summoned the chief imaum into his presence, and gave him orders to follow him into the

mosque attached to the palace, for the purpose of immediately celebrating his nuptials with Selima.

The priest gazed intently on the bride, and his features became strangely agitated. "The will of Abbas Selim," he said, "is the law of his faithful subjects; but if I have read the Koran aright, and if my studies have not been idly pursued, the finger of death is on yon fair maiden, and her nuptials with the Shah will but accelerate the approach of Azrael."

"Dotard!" said the Prince; and he gazed upon Selima, whose features glowed with all the hues of beauty and health. "Tell not to me thy idle dreams, but perform thine office, and be silent."

The chidden priest obeyed the last injunction of his Prince, and, with head depressed and folded arms, followed him and his bride to the mosque, which was hastily prepared for the celebration of these unexpected nuptials. Heavily and falteringly he pronounced the rites, which were just on the point of being concluded, when a man rushed into the mosque, and, with frantic and threatening gestures, placed himself between the bride and bridegroom. It was Achmet Hassan.

"Forbear, forbear!" he cried, "or Allah's curse light on you!"

"It is the traitorous Magian," said the Shah. "Villain! wouldst thou beard thy sovereign at the nuptial hour?"

As he spoke, he unsheathed his scimitar, and rushed towards Achmet. "Save him! spare him!" shrieked the bride; "it is my father!" and rushing between them, the

Shah's weapon pierced her to the heart, and she sunk lifeless to the earth.

All were struck mute and motionless with horror at this fatal event. When they had somewhat recovered from their stupor, every eye was fixed upon the Shah. Still, and cold, and silent as a statue, he occupied the same place as at the moment of this fearful catastrophe. His eyes glared fixedly and unmeaningly. His lips and cheeks were of an ashy paleness. He returned no answer to the inquiries which were made of him, and the import of which it was evident that he did not comprehend. In fact, it was clear that reason had fled from the once highly endowed mind of Abbas Selim, and that the reign of one of the greatest and most highly-accomplished princes who had ever filled the throne of Persia was terminated.

In a state of listlessness and inanity he continued for above a twelvemonth. A few apartments of the palace were all that remained to him of his once mighty empire, and the sceptre passed into the hands of his brother. His most faithful and constant attendant was the unhappy Achmet Hassan, whom he had rendered childless, and on whose bosom he breathed his latest sigh. As the hour of death approached, his intellects seemed to return; but his malady had so entirely exhausted his strength, that he could not utter a syllable. Once, from the motion of his lips, it was supposed that he was endeavouring to pronounce the name of Selima; then a faint smile illumed his features, while he pointed to the casement and the deep blue sky which was seen through it, and his spirit fled to the bowers of Paradise.

upon one of the grandest and most varied prospects to be found even among the most picturesque groups of mountains in the world. From the peaceful repose of the lake of the See-Alp, whence the Sitter steals gently away, with many a winding curve through the rich pasture-land,—from the deep green foliage of many a sheltered glen and valley, the eye turns abruptly upon rugged and storm-trenched precipices, upon cloud-piercing and inaccessible peaks, in strange and startling confusion,—the lower grounds glowing in all the pride of summer, the pine-clad uplands sombre and mournful in the widowed vesture of autumn, and the tall summits white, as with age, in wintry desolation. All seasons and all varieties of land, of sky and water, are represented at one view in this epitome of nature; and when the chapel bell is rung at the appropriate evening hour by the solitary recluse of the Mountain Shrine, just as the blink of the glacier begins to cast over the darkening valleys its strange, unearthly twilight, the sound of the vesper hymn rises from within the lowly cavern as if the solid earth itself poured forth from its deep heart the notes of praise. The voices of the Alpine shepherds, catching the burden of the strain, carry it from cliff to cliff, from dell to dell, till it dies away in the distance like a retreating echo, giving notice to the low-lands that the toils and world-cares of the day are past, and prefacing by a heart-melting devotion the season of repose.

I cannot sanction by entire approval the tenets of a faith that draws the creature off from all the charities of life and all sweet communion with the brotherhood of man, to spend

a life of selfish inactivity in solitary contemplation with "Nature and her God;" but when joining in the anthem raised by a thousand voices within the high-arched aisles of costly metropolitan fanes, this thought will often intrude itself upon the mind: Can architectural skill, and all the genius of the artist, erect a church to God, so grand, so worthy of the Author of our being, as his own awful and magnificent temples, reared by the earthquake and fashioned by volcanoes, deep in the bosom of the eternal hills? Can spires, uplifted by the hand of man, rival the Alpine rock-tower, or gilded cross outshine the bright glance of the glacier? Can organ-peal compare in deep solemnity with the loud-tongued thunder, speaking of infinite power, among the solitary mountains? When listening to the eloquence of some learned divine, expatiating upon human nothingness and the ineffable glory of the Deity, from the gold-decked and purple-draped pulpit, by the glowing and mystic light of stained glass windows, I have mentally ejaculated, "How much more powerful God's own appeal, unspoken but heartfelt, as it stands engraved upon the rude and rock-built altar of the inaccessible Alps!" How weak the swelling organ-note and the multitudinous harmony of the cathedral choir, compared with one wild thunder-tone from God's own Alpine cloud-throne, responding to the vesper hymn from the lone tenant of the cavern, as he stands, self-immolated, by the altar of the Little Church of the Wilderness!

POOR JOSEPHINE!

A SWISS SCENE.

“NEITHER here yesterday, nor to-day!” exclaimed Brother Claude, looking out from a cabinet that opened into the well-furnished and comfortable room in which travellers are received at the hospitable convent of Mont St. Bernard. “Neither here yesterday, nor to-day!” he repeated, laying carefully in its place a last received relic from the temple of Jupiter. “Neither here yesterday, nor to-day!” he said for the third time, as he issued from his favourite chamber; “then, where can she have been?”

“I wish I was able to answer,” replied Brother Jacques. “I am many years older than any of you; for few grow old here; and I think we have never had so constant a visiter as poor Josephine. I cannot call to mind her missing two days, since she was able to crawl up the steps leading to yon corridor.”

“She has missed them now, at all events,” said the young Friar Claude; “and, if I deemed there was a possibility of finding her, I would seek her—”

“Where?” interrupted Jacques.

“True,—true; and in such weather as this, she is sure to be beyond what even we should consider human aid.”

“Poor Josephine!” mused the old man; “how differently

her youth has been passed from the youth of most girls! The children of the peasants at Liddes, and all our neighbouring villages, in the early part of their lives, make acquaintance with the birds and flowers of our Alpine valleys; but Josephine plays with the snow wreaths, and climbs where eagles soar. Her foot is so light that she runs along the trembling avalanche without hastening its downward progress; and I do believe she knows every tree in the gloomy forest of St. Pierre."

"Did you ever see her laugh?" inquired Claude.

"Seldom; and but rarely weep. She seems alike insensible to sorrow, or riotous joy."

"How fond the servants and dogs are of her!" said Claude. "Those huge animals know, intuitively, when she stands outside, at the entrance, or when she wanders around the Hospice. Old Leo never seems at rest without her."

There was a pause in the conversation. The younger monk looked out upon the hills and valleys, which seemed hewn out of the spotless snow. He watched the element, as it descended, not in flakes, but in small drizzling particles, each a solid bit of ice, always most dangerous to the traveller; for it does not flake and consolidate beneath his feet, but rises around him like powder, higher—higher—higher, each step he takes through the glittering valleys. The kindly priest shivered as he turned from the dazzling prospect, and was pleased to observe an additional quantity of wood heaped on the enormous hearth. The old friar was stretching his hands over the blazing blocks.

"It is ten degrees below zero, at least," he said. "I wonder how far the travellers, who departed this morning, have proceeded on their journey. I am fearful about them."

"We have leisure," replied Claude, "at this season of the year, to become interested for our visitors; they do not crowd upon us quickly."

"Some too quickly," said the old man, with a sigh. "One of the travellers of last night I have seen before."

"Indeed! but we often see the same faces more than once," said the young man.

"Ay, but not such as his;—looks which compel you to think of evil, and have no hope for good," replied Brother Jacques.

"I heard him asking you many questions about the daughter of an old noble, who died here some years ago; died, I believe, from over-fatigue," observed Claude, cautiously, for the old priest was seldom communicative.

Father Jacques smiled sadly, but made no answer; there was a long pause. Claude resumed his old position at the window, looking towards the depths of the valleys, which the eye could seldom fathom, shrouded as they were, sometimes with thick vapour, then by the tourmentes whizzing and whirling through the defiles; then, again, he would scan the protecting mountains of Chenelletaz, or Mont Mort; and bless them for the shelter and safety they afforded the Hospice, in the dark hours of the whirlwind and the storm.

"I grow old!" exclaimed the white-headed man, so suddenly as to startle the younger brother, whose thoughts had wandered at that moment from snow and St. Bernard back

to his mother's cottage on the banks of the Loire; "Claude, I grow old: I will tell you what I know and believe of that stranger's history as connected with our mountains; I will tell you, because it will make you feel a deeper interest in— But I may not anticipate. You must bear with me patiently, for I am old, and the words which spring from the rosy mouth of youth, bright and sparkling as a torrent of mountain rain, lag sluggishly on withered lips, like the dull creeping of a slimy stream; bear with me, good Claude, for I am old!

"When that noble (for he who attracted your attention is what the world calls so) was last within these walls, we were busied in attending the bed of a Prussian officer, an old man—older than I am now; he had been accompanied hither by a girl, a grandchild, a maid so lovely, that I doubt not many a younger brother, when he looked upon her, wished he had not taken the vows of St. Augustine, light though they be: the old man died and was buried—you may see his grave close by the monument which Napoleon raised within our chapel to the memory of General Desaix, who fell at *his* Marengo. Napoleon himself laid the first stone of that same cenotaph—I remember the scene well—what *he* did can never be forgotten.

"So, as I said, the old man died, and left the girl under my care, to be transmitted to his friends; the nobleman still lingered at the Hospice, and found means to woo the maiden before her grandsire's shroud was crushed into his coffin; the girl was quick of love (her mother came from

Italy), and not the chill of our stern mountains, nor the icy death which sat upon her grandsire's lids, I fear, restrained her passion : she fled with him but three days after the sad funeral."

"Why fled?" interrupted Claude; "was she not of equal lineage with himself?"

"Yes; so I have understood," continued the old man. "It was his crime, not hers; he had a wife in England."

"In England!" repeated Claude. "I thought, though heretics, such crimes were deemed most sinful in that island."

"My brother," replied the elder, "it is one thing to denounce a crime, another to avoid it. But we must leave such to their God, convinced that, at the last day, they will need to importune his mercy more than his justice. He took her to the valleys, hid her from my search, until wearied of her childlike love, tired of fooling, or, perchance, seeking another toy, he left her to her fate."

"And what was that?" inquired the young priest.

"He told her he was married; and, after such avowal, though she still worshipped, she would not remain with him. To return to her own land she dared not; so, poor child, she remembered the great kindness of the Hospice, and, as she said, how her poor grandsire loved me. Winter though it was, she found us out: it was night when she arrived, and, not wishing the whole house to know her shame, she hid herself till morning,—where do you think?"

"In the chapel?"

"No," replied the old man, "not there; 'it is a hallowed place,' she said to her poor heart, 'and shall not be defiled

by such a wretch;’ ardent as had been her love, so ardent was her sorrow—she sought shelter that dread night in the *morgue*.” Claude shuddered. “There,” continued Jacques, “amongst the relics of those sacrificed for centuries past to the fury of the storm and the avalanche, did that young creature, into whose ears flattery had breathed its sweetest incense, and whose eyes had so long rested only upon worshippers, cast her weary limbs after her desperate journey. Imagine how fearful to a young girl must have been such images, seen by the shivering starlight, those bare and shining skulls, with the fragments of drapery attached to their fleshless bones; others dried up and withered, yet presenting the dread picture of death under its most awful forms!—there, beneath one of the grated windows, the next morning she was found.”

“Alive?” inquired Claude.

“Ay, alive! after giving life to one, whose life, poor girl, has been as joyless as her birth.”

“Poor Josephine!” exclaimed the younger priest.

“Poor Josephine!” repeated the good Jacques; “for she it was!”

“And the mother?” again asked Claude.

“The mother placed the infant in my arms, and spoke its name; a few brief words she said, expressive of her sorrow, and murmured many more of prayer; and then she died.”

“What a world it is!” sighed the young priest.

“A goodly world, if it were more godly,” said the monk.
“Sin mars the work of the Almighty; and then bribes

discontent (which is old Satan's mouthpiece) to rail at what, but for such evil deeds, would be perfection."

"Poor Josephine! No wonder she is so wild and strange; do you think, brother, she is deaf as she is dumb?"

"They say she must be. I got especial leave, and took her when a child to Paris; she did nothing but cry; and would sit for hours sullenly on the ground, and neither sleep nor eat; and, as they said her case was hopeless, I brought her back. Since then she has lived nominally with the good dame Magdalene, in the valley of Aosta. She was the sweetest babe I ever saw; her little serious face, that seldom smiled, would bend to me for blessing when she was but three years old; and then she used to ride on Leo when he went out to seek for travellers. I have often prayed to the Virgin that she might speak; there is a world of music in her look."

"So there is," observed Claude; "and yet I'm sure her voice would be a sad one."

"Belike it might! Sadness was born anew when first she breathed. 'Tis a wild night; and yet," continued the old priest, "I'll send one down to the good Magdalene's, to know what ails the girl."

"Ay, do," said Claude; "but yet you have not told me if you sought out Josephine's relations, or what said the English lord; did you tell him the girl lived?"

"He knows it now full well; but what cares he for one, however beautiful, whose dread infirmity bars her from commune with a world, where she could but be a statue?"

"A statue, the world might well be proud of," interrupted Claude, with more warmth, perhaps, than became a priest. "Has she not mind, feeling, and energy? energy that flies with her along the mountains, seeking to succour and save the perishing adventurer? How many has this afflicted child of Nature dragged from a snowy grave! how many recalled to life—"

His eulogy was interrupted by Josephine herself, who suddenly burst into the chamber; and, falling on her knees before Jacques, first threw her arms to the ground, and then stretched them towards the door: in an instant she was out of the room.

"Travellers overwhelmed by the snow!" exclaimed Claude, as they followed her footsteps to the principal entrance.

One of the servants of the Hospice, attended by the noble Leo, was standing on the threshold; the wind blew back the cowl intended to protect his head, and Father Jacques, as he advanced and shaded his eyes, so as to look out upon the landscape, thought he had never seen the energetic girl he had known from her birth so eager or so anxious. She was without either cloak or hat; her long plaits streamed from her head; her left hand was clenched upon her bosom, and her right arm extended towards the valley. Her gestures, urging immediate departure, were almost frantic, while the faithful dog, now fully comprehending what she meant, waited impatiently the signal that would send him on his way; barking, and calling his canine companions to his help, by tones which were to them as words.

For some hours the blessed Hospice was still—as the temple of the dead; those who remained were silently watching the return of the different brethren who traversed the slippery hills and fast-filling valleys. Some told over their beads, others bent to the lamp, and read;—those who did speak, spoke in whispers—whilst others, ever and anon, rose to look out upon the night.

“Hark!” at last exclaimed one, as the convent clock tolled two. “Is not that the bark of Leo?”

“I cannot tell,” replied another; “his note is not so deep as it used to be; I remember when his bay would wake at least a dozen echoes. Do you ever think of the night when he brought a living child from the dead body of its mother, and laid it by the fire as carefully as a Christian could have done? Eh, sirs! the saints protect us! but those animals have more sense than many Christians.”

“Hark!” again exclaimed the first speaker; “that is Leo’s bay; and now Marco gives tongue:—they are coming; Holy Saint Bernard! but the dogs reply one to the other from the ravines, like the answering chimes of the blessed bells,—there—and there—and there!—how it snows! Now, the Virgin shield that brave girl! God increased her other senses, as well as her strength, tenfold, when he deprived her of her hearing and her speech. Ah, there’s a shout! but it is spiritless; now they are coming up the path by which our travellers departed but this morning.”

“Look!” said one who had been reading; “look at young Tigre, how he bristles; down, Tigre!—down, pup!—when the spring comes you shall go out with your grandam;

she has taught more pups in her time than any in the Pays de Vaud."

"How obstinate were they to go forth on such a morn!" said another. "Who was it said that poor Josephine met them, as they were going down the defile, and entreated, by her gestures, their return: upon which the old stiff one was more firm than ever, and would go on? while she, I warrant me, poor bird! fluttered after them to watch for danger."

"They will be here anon," observed the first speaker. "We can see the dull glare of the torches. More wood, Giacomo; and heat well the room. Do you hear, good brothers, how the bark of the dogs has sunk into a howl? Ah! death is with the company."

At last, the party that had been led by the intrepid Josephine returned, bearing three of those who departed from their walls that morning full of vigour and life. She came too, wearied and worn by her extraordinary exertions, yet restless, impatient, anxious as ever. She wrung her hands, and knelt in prayer, for the spirits of the travellers were gone beyond recall, to that bourne from whence no travellers return.

The body of the rich noble by whom she knelt, unconscious of his kindred to her, was as cold as his heart had been when he abandoned her who trusted to his faith, and as it was when he refused to acknowledge his child because of her affliction.

"It is retributive justice," said Father Jacques. "No grave shall receive him. *We will lay his body in the morgue.*"

I'LL BE A SAILOR;

OR, YOUTHFUL HOPES.

YOU'LL be a sailor, will you, my pretty little curly-pate? Well! if the thought has once seriously entered your head, it is in vain to reason with you. Circe of the islands, and the mermaid of the coral reef, though they be mere poetic dreams, as far as the real world is concerned, are no unmeaning personifications of the witchery of broad waters, spicy gales, and wood-crowned foreign shores.

Why should experience chide you, while sitting with your sisters in that shady bower, and pouring forth tales of what you will do when you are a man—what beautiful shells you will bring them from India—what nice little cane chairs from China shall ornament your summer-house—how you will load them with gifts of tropical fruits—what a dear little marmoset, and what splendid stuffed humming-birds you will bring from South America? While they believe all this, it gives them as much pleasure as if it were likely to be true; and, were I to tell them how little chance there is of its accomplishment, they would only look cross at me, and then smilingly at you, and declare, with proud eyes and pretty pouting lips, “Charley never breaks his word.”

Alas! though Charley may not, Anticipation always does!

But, launch your bark upon the smooth surface of the stream, and while you hold it in leash, study the action of the breeze upon the little snow-white sails, and the government of the diminutive helm. If you *will* be a sailor, there can be no use in trying to dissuade you. You will pursue your destiny; and the time may come when your life may hang upon the wisdom learned from watching the effect of every gentle puff or flaw, as the tiny boat careens to the mimic gale: the time *will* come when your bark must break its leash, and—be it on the unmeasured sea, be it on the vast ocean of moral life—an overturn will find her with no friendly cord to drag her to the strand, in defiance of opposing winds and currents.

True, I have seen both oceans—the broad Pacific and the huge sea of life—glassy and calm, and motionless, save to their own heaving breath, that wakes the ceaseless swell, terrible in its inexpressible grace and awful grandeur, without which either would be dead—a mere lifeless image—a soul-crushing *ghost* of the physical and moral masterpieces of infinite wisdom!—But whither is my imagination leading me? Poor boy, these thoughts are unintelligible to thee—they are unintelligible to many who esteem themselves great ones in the earth;—let us descend!

As I gaze upon your open brow, a picture, a prophetic picture, rises before me. I see a weary mariner, languid and weather-beaten,—a boy, but prematurely old, clad in duck pants and a patched blue jacket—wending his way towards an ornamental cottage by the margin of that little brook on which your boat is riding. He reaches the lane—

he approaches the door—two beautiful young ladies bound out to meet and welcome him; there is a deal of hugging and kissing, and some tears withal. But no storm lasts for ever—this is soon over.

“Charles, where are the oranges and pine-apples, and the humming-birds?”

“And where are the nice cane chairs?”

“Alas! dear girls, I have been unfortunate. The market was unfavourable. Look at my worn-out clothes: I was too poor to buy expensive luxuries.”

“But our pretty marmosets—surely, you might have caught some of *them* for yourself, at Rio de Janeiro, without expense?”

“Heigh-ho! We had rough weather, and they died coming up the river. But I am hungry, girls; get me something to eat!”

Another dream: the parties are older, and there are others added to the group. Two fine-looking men, and a third female face, more beautiful than all, are sauntering on the porch, on a bright summer afternoon. A little child is playing upon the green, with a noble river in the distance; and another tiny shallop, with shivered mast and dislocated rudder, lies high and dry upon a bank of sand beside him. But, suddenly the booming of a great gun is heard, and a noble Indiaman comes ploughing round the point, under full press of canvass. 'Tis a glorious sight!

“Jane,” says the father, with a husky voice, “Jane, my dear, I have made up my mind. I will take Mr. Johnson’s offer, and make one more voyage to China and Madras.”

There are wet eyes, and silence—and the curtain drops.

Time rolls, and still another dream! A solitary female sits upon that cottage porch. The autumnal winds are sighing through the withering leaves, but the noonday sun looks half weepingly northward, as if loth to leave the bowers where he has sported through the long summer days. The lady is calm, but serious.

“Merrily, merrily sounds the horn.”

The post-boy dashes past the gate; the newspaper flutters a moment upon the air, and falls within the paling, but the post-boy dashes onwards.

“Merrily, merrily sounds the horn.”

The lady rushes down the gravel-walk. The paper is in her hands. In a moment, the third column of the second page lies open before her, and her eye rests upon the shipping list.

“Wrecked on a coral reef, off the Isle of France, the ship Jane, of Philadelphia. Cargo and crew all lost.”

“Where, where is Charles?”

So you'll be a sailor, will you? Well, I have seen Circe of the islands, and have heard the mermaid of the coral reef—there is but one piece of advice that the true American boy will ever follow. It is strange, very strange, but the spell is upon *me*, as well as *thee*. God shield us, my fine lad, but “Go ahead!”

THE MAINTOPMAN'S DEATHBED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER."

THE assistant-surgeon, and the overgrown and womanish-looking youth who tended upon the afflicted, were the only persons in the sick-bay, excepting the departing seaman, John Rockwood. The evening breezes dallied gently with the white and extended sails, and made a melancholy music, peculiarly their own, among the tightened and well-stretched standing and running rigging. The sounds from these rough and noble harpstrings might, fancy aided, have been thought to breathe a requiem of the most soothing melody to the dying maintopman.

There was that awful hush throughout the populous ship which, though not absolute silence, might be said to be something more still. The low moaning of the gentle winds, the faint plashings of the waves, and the careful tread of the few officers who were moving about, indicated that life and action still existed, but existed with a subdued solemnity, well-befitting the quiet deathbed of the humble and the good.

The hardy and stalwart seamen were at quarters, and they whispered to each other in sorrowful accents that their shipmate was "going aloft," was "underway for the right

place," "had tripped his anchor for glory," and in many other sea-taught and quaint expressions intimated their conviction that he "was down in the good behaviour list," and had secured "a good berth," where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest.

The men had been mustered, whilst the slanting sunbeams streamed through the port-holes upon their glistening cutlasses; all the dreadful appurtenances belonging to "glorious war" had been reported ready for action, and secured for the night, and Captain Dabricourt was on the point of ordering the first lieutenant to "beat the retreat," when the assistant-surgeon walked slowly and lightly across the quarter-deck, and whispered the surgeon, who approached the captain, and communicated with him in a low tone.

The commander of the *Majestic* bowed his head sorrowfully at this information, and approaching the break of the quarter-deck, commanded, in a subdued tone of voice, that the boatswain's-mates should pass the word fore and aft, for the men to disperse themselves silently. One man on board was to hear no more the cheerful rattle of the "doubling drum."

Attended by the surgeon and his assistant, Captain Dabricourt proceeded to the sick-bay, and was soon standing near the hammock, where swung, on his deathbed, the honest and once blithe maintopman, John Rockwood.

There was no chaplain on board. At the time of which we are speaking, there were, at most, but three or four clergymen dispersed among many ships, and it was seldom that a single cruiser was so fortunate as to possess one.

As Captain Dabricourt stood over the dying man, gazing wistfully in the wan countenance beneath him, he held open the prayer-book at the office of the visitation of the sick.

“Is he rational enough to benefit by divine consolation?” said the captain, addressing the surgeon.

“I hardly know, Captain Dabricourt. The poor fellow fancies that he is overlooking a party of agricultural labourers who are mowing down the grass in the green fields of his native village. He is very restless. Listen!”

“The scythes want sharpening, lubbers all!” murmured Rockwood. “See, the waving grass rises again fast—fast as they sweep it down. A ropeyarn for such mowers! They do no more than the summer wind as it sweeps over the fields;—there—there—there!” and he pointed to the dancing waves, all green and joyous, which rose and fell, not unlike the bending and rising grass in a meadow ready for the scythe.

Rockwood was then silent for a space, gazing intently through the port-hole upon the sea, and feebly nodding his head and waving his attenuated hand to the motion of the waters. “Yes,” he continued, “I know that I am very ill, and it is terrible to die here, away from my gallant ship, and my jolly, jolly messmates. I always hoped to be buried in the cool blue seas, a thousand thousand fathoms down, below all the sharks. What a quiet, roomy, pleasant grave! No mould, no dirt, no filthy worms. But now, poor Jack will be huddled into the churchyard, among the bones of a parcel of shore-going sinners, to rot in a six feet deep grave. How I hate that rotting! Mow away, mow

away, ye lubbers! You see the grass is up again before ye have time to bring your scythes round."

An expressive look passed between the captain and the surgeon, which plainly indicated that they thought the poor fellow in extremity, and that they ought not to pray with, but for him. The captain then commenced, with a solemn voice, reading the prayers for the sick at the point of departure. When he came to the words—"We humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother," the sailor rallied at the word brother amazingly, for very strongly had the captain emphasized it.

"Brother! my brother! Where is he? and where am I? No, no, no—your honour; you are not my brother;" and he made an abortive effort at the accustomed pluck at the forelock—the mark of deference to his commander; "I know better nor that: you are my captain—God bless you, sir."

"Your brother—your friend and brother, believe it;" said the captain, placing much stress upon the words "your friend and brother!"

"I cannot very well make out my bearings and distance," said Rockwood, hesitatingly, and with a very feeble voice. "I seem to be in two places at once—in my own village and my aunt's room, looking out upon the half-yearly parish land; and yet, things are about me that could only be on board ship. I am sure I've had a methody parson praying with me the last two glasses; and what vexes me is, that I, a thorough seaman, who have always done a seaman's duty, should be buried in a dirty grave ashore!" This was

uttered with many interruptions, yet the meaning was distinct.

"John Rockwood," said the captain, "I never, purposely, deceived any one. Collect yourself, my good friend. Believe it, that you are now very dangerously ill on board his Majesty's ship Majestic."

"In deep sea, and in blue water?" asked the poor man, anxiously.

"The water blue as midnight—the depth unfathomable. We have no soundings."

Then, after a pause, the sailor said in a very low, yet firm voice—"I am ready—ay—ready!"

"Then turn your thoughts with me to your Maker," replied Captain Dabricourt. He then read the necessary prayers, to which it was evident that the departing man attended devoutly, as, when the office was finished, he appeared to lapse into unconsciousness; those who were about him prepared to depart; his embrowned and now bony fingers were uplifted, and he was imperfectly heard to ask, "Have I done my duty?"

"Gallantly, nobly, bravely—always—always!" said Captain Dabricourt, with a voice trembling with emotion.

"Alow and aloft—alow and aloft! Hurrah!" How faint, how pitiable was that dying shout. It was the last sound uttered by John Rockwood, the maintopman.

In the middle-watch, two of his messmates were assisting the sail-maker in sewing John up in a hammock, chaunting, in a low voice, the simple dirge—"He's gone! What a hearty good fellow!"

"Give him a double allowance of shot," said one ;
" 'cause as how, poor fellow, he had a notion that the
deeper he went, it was more becoming to a regular out and
out sailor. But it's my notion that, seeing as if we does
our duty, it won't signify where we start from, when we are
all mustered at the last day ; we shall all be in time, de-
pend on't !"

" I think so too," said the sail-maker.



defenceless village fired by the villain soldiery almost before the social cup is drained—Russia may still claim precedence, at least in the refinement, the very wittiness of brutal outrage. As it is more than probable that even we, the far-off tenants of another hemisphere, may yet be drawn into the coming death-struggle in defence of human rights with those heaven-insulting tyrants whose course it is humanity to execrate and a sheer moral duty to abhor, we need offer no apology for introducing here the following burst of indignation, written by Miss Pardoe, when it became known in England that the children of large bodies of exiled Poles had been intoxicated by the official orders of the Russian Government, and induced while in that condition to sing songs dictated by their foes, in order to wring the hearts of their parents, while driven like beasts of the field to perish or drag out a living death far in the frozen solitudes of the North, because they dared to obey the noblest of all human instincts—love for their native land!

“Forth went they from their fatherland,
 A fall'n and fettered race;
 To find upon a distant strand,
 Their dark abiding-place.
 Forth went they—not as freemen go,
 With firm and fearless eye;
 But with the bowed-down mien of wo,
 As men go forth to die.

“The aged in their silver hair,—
 The young in manhood's might;—
 The mother with her infant care,
 The child in wild affright;

Forth went they all—a pallid band,
With many an anguished start:
The chain lay heavy on their hand,
But heavier on their heart!

“No sounds disturbed the desert air
But those of bitter wo;
Save when at times re-echoed there
The curses of the foe—
When, hark! another cry pealed out,
A cry of idiot glee;
Answered and heightened by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery:

“’Twas childhood’s voice—but ah! how wild,
How demon-like its swell—
The mother shrieked to hear her child
Give forth that soulless yell!
And fathers wrung their fettered hands,
Beneath this maddening wo;
While shouted out those infant bands
The chorus of the foe!

“And curses deep and low were said
Whose murmur reached to heaven;
And sighs were heaved, and tears were shed,
And woman-hearts were riven;
While, all forgetful of their woes,
The children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose
A vengeance-cry to God!”

THE TWO DOGS.

A LEGEND OF PORTUGAL.

“WELL, well; dry your eyes, and say no more about it. It is of no use to contend with chance and ill-luck,” said Paul Giroux, sullenly, as he leaned on the back of his wife’s chair, and surveyed the humble preparation for the morning’s meal. “For my part, I shall strive no more against fate.”

“Oh! do not talk of fate, dear Paul,” said a meek-looking young woman with a child on her knee. “Was it *chance* that made me your wife? or was it fate that bestowed upon us this little fellow? or that gave to our little Jessie the health, and strength, and beauty, which gladden our hearts as we look upon her? No, Paul; the hand of Providence is visible *there* at least, and it is sinful to talk of *fate* and *chance*, and *luck*, while these dear children are within your sight.”

“You are right, wife,” said the peasant; “Jessie is, indeed, a strong child, and a pretty one;” and he passed his large and horny hand fondly over her long auburn ringlets as she glanced smilingly in his face; “but, poor thing, her strength will not pay the rent, and her beauty will not supply the *potage*; and you, too, Annette, you are

wrong to ask me what made you my wife; for if I had nothing else to give you, God knows I gave you at least as warm a heart, and as true a love as ever man could bestow. You might have done better, Annette—I know it—you might have had a warmer hearth, and a daintier meal; but never a warmer love than mine, though you had been the wife of the Count himself.”

“Now, fie upon you, my friend,” said the young woman, as she rose in her innocent beauty and moved towards him; “look at your children, and then ask yourself if you should talk thus to their mother.”

“No, no, Annette; I know that I have no reason, no right to say these things to you; but it *is* almost more than I can bear, when I remember that had you married—”

“Hush, Paul, my own husband,” murmured the sweet voice of Annette; “had I married that bold, bad man, I should have been a wretched woman—now I am only a poor one; had I plighted my faith to *him*, I should have drooped under a sense of my own falsehood—now, I can lift my head among my neighbours, for my heart cannot reproach me with any wrong.”

“But I am a beggar, Annette.”

“You are an honest man, Paul; and never have you seen ‘the seed of the righteous begging their bread:’ if you can no longer labour on your own land, you can at least work on that of others, and while you have a stout arm and a willing heart you will never need employment—the trial will be bitter enough at first—I know it; but **HE** who died for us suffered far more, when he was reviled and spit upon;

—and we shall at least have the evening to ourselves, to tell each other all that we have thought, and done, and purposed, during the day; and to fondle our little ones, and teach them those homely things which it is befitting for a poor man's child to know; and while you are away in the fields, and I am busied in our cottage with my own cares, I will teach Jessie those songs you used to love when you came to see me at the farm, and she shall sing them too; for her young voice will sound cheerfully when you come home weary with your day's labour—then, cheer up, dear Paul; poverty is no crime.”

“But it is a curse,” said Giroux, impatiently; “a biting, bitter curse!”

“But who told you that Abel Lamotte was to take the farm?” said the meek wife.

“*Who* told me?” echoed the husband, with flashing eyes and elevated voice; “why, *he* told me—told me with a taunt. ‘You won the wife, Paul,’ said he, as we met on the mill-bridge, ‘and I have got the farm: we shall see which of us has drawn the prize.’”

“That was an idle jest, if he meant it for one,” said the meek-eyed Annette.

“*Jest!*” shouted her husband again, “what makes you talk of jests and Abel Lamotte in the same breath to *me*? I tell you, Annette, that it was well for both of us when we met to-night, that I had thought somewhat more of another world, since he knew me first, or—Well, well, we jostled on the narrow and quivering plank just above where the water runs deepest and darkest; but we passed on, each one to his home—”

“Paul!” gasped out the young wife, starting up and gazing fearfully at her husband. “Paul, what mean you?”

“Nothing, Annette, nothing—why, you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost.”

“Paul,” she said solemnly, “I have done worse; I have seen an evil spirit—I fear to look steadfastly at it, lest it wither me. Search into your secret heart, Paul, I pray; it will, perhaps, be a hard task; but it is a needful one, that you may pluck thence the unholy and sinful thoughts, which you have suffered to grow up in its hidden recesses, and to destroy its uprightness. Come hither, Jessie, my child: kneel down beside me, and pray to God to protect your dear father, and to deliver him from temptation.” And the fair girl did as she was bidden, and knelt down on the greensward with her little hands clasped and resting on the knee of her father, while she lisped out one of those pure and artless petitions which the lips of childhood alone can utter worthily; and the right chord was touched in the bosom of the unhappy man, for the suppressed sobs of stifled anguish mingled at intervals with the bird-like tones of the child; and then, indeed, in grateful humility, Annette hid her face in her apron, and prayed also; for she knew that in his heart “the strong man wept,” and she was comforted by the conviction.

How sad it is to reflect that the blessed feeling of penitence, and the consciousness of right, are so often stifled by the weeds which spring up so rankly by the wayside of life: that night Paul Giroux went to his rest a self-convicted and repentant man: on the morrow he rose with the

sense of poverty and degradation rankling at his heart; his only remaining cow had a few days previously died of some fatal disease; his sheep had perished one by one on the hillside; his crops had failed—he was a ruined man.

Giroux had been high-spirited and speculative in prosperity, and he was comparatively despairing and inert in adversity: he had lost all reliance on Providence, and talked of “chance,” and “luck,” and “fate,” as though the bright and beautiful world had sprung from chaos by some fortunate chance—had been peopled by some good luck—and had been given to man by some happy fate. It is unnecessary to expatiate to a Christian on the sinfulness of such a creed, tending, as it does, to diminish, and even to undermine, the power and majesty of the Divine Creator of all things; and it is equally certain that so loose and unguided a system of reasoning must infallibly make the misery of every mind by which it is indulged. Annette had, indeed, taught Giroux, since his marriage, to acknowledge the beauty and holiness of religion; but he had done it lightheartedly, while the world went well with him, because he saw that it gladdened his gentle wife: he had never looked deeply and earnestly into the subject: he had gone gratefully into the house of prayer, and had given thanks for the blessings of his daily lot; but when misfortune fell upon him, he was not sufficiently pious to acknowledge the divine right to withhold those blessings.

“Why should I join the congregation?” he asked sullenly, when, a few weeks after the scene we have described, Annette earnestly urged him to accompany her to the

church, from which he had absented himself for some weeks ; “ my neighbours go there to return thanks for all that they possess—what do I now possess which is worth thanks ? ” Annette did not speak ; but as the large tears rushed into her eyes, she pointed to her children. “ Pshaw ! ” muttered Giroux ; and for the first time he turned away, regardless of the appeal. The heart of his wife was wrung, but her trial was not yet ended ;—at his feet lay a fine black spaniel, the pet and plaything of Jessie, and the legacy of his wife’s mother. Fancy was the favourite of the whole family ; she was so gentle and so caressing, and withal so playful and so pretty, that she was loved almost to the disparagement of Hero, Paul’s own eagle-eyed, bristly-haired terrier ; and yet Hero was no common dog, for he had been the gift of a gentleman whose life had been saved by the young farmer when they were both lads ; and the gift had been accompanied by an assurance on the part of the young Count, that when he came to his estate he would reward the service which had been rendered to him in a more efficient manner. That event had now, however, taken place some years, and all expectation of ever again seeing or hearing of Hero’s former master had faded from the mind of Giroux : he had, moreover, on his marriage, removed to a distant part of the country, and Hero enjoyed no distinction in the family save that which he had earned by his own good qualities, and they were many : not a rat nor a weasel could venture near the poultry-yard ; not a wandering gipsy dared lay a finger on the little Jessie, when she lay sleeping, wearied with play, under the chestnut

tree :—and yet Hero was the best-bred of terriers : he never scared away the beggar from the door ; for he appeared to be conscious that they were always greeted kindly by his master's wife, and he even bore patiently and unresentingly the somewhat boisterous frolics of his little mistress, as if he knew that all allowance must be made for the uncalculating and uncompromising vivacity of childhood. Still Fancy was the favourite ; her long ears were so silky and so shining, and her bright eyes were so gentle ; they had nothing of the cunning of the round eyes of Hero ; and the children could make a pillow as well as a plaything of the docile spaniel ;—but Annette loved the animal for her dead mother's sake, and not one harsh word had she uttered to poor Fancy since it had been bequeathed to her : great, therefore, in her gentle eyes, appeared the unkindness of her husband, when, as he turned away from the bright smiles of his children, he spurned with his foot the poor animal which was sleeping beside him : a faint whine escaped the startled favourite, and she looked inquiringly towards her master, as though in her mute sagacity she would have asked in what she had offended ; but that master was in no mood to answer the appeal—nothing makes us less tolerant of the feelings of others than the consciousness of error in ourselves ; and in dogged and determined silence Paul strode from the cottage.

“Come hither, my Jessie,” said the young mother, anxious to hide, even from her child, the excess of her emotion ; “you have not fed your pets to-day—here is food for them : go, my love, carry it into the garden, in the bright sunshine, among the flowers.”

The little girl needed no second bidding; she even outran her instructions; for, carrying the treasure which her mother had confided to her, and followed by the two hungry candidates, whom the unwonted temper of their master had this day condemned to a somewhat protracted fast, she passed the wicket of the cottage garden, and even ventured a little way down the green lane which led to the high-road. Jessie was somewhat of a disciplinarian, and always punished the impatient short barks of Hero, who appeared to fancy at times that the beauty of his companion induced a slight degree of partiality in the distribution of their food. Jessie gathered on this occasion a tall blue-bell, and, armed with this badge of authority, and having duly lectured her canine playmates on the enormity of greediness, began to feed the anxious and half-starved animals.

The food had nearly all disappeared, when a stranger sprang over the gate near which the child was standing, and advanced towards her. Fancy pressed closer to her little mistress, and barked long and loudly; Hero, on the contrary, bounded a few paces forward until he stood between Jessie and the intruder, and there he resolutely remained, growling and showing his teeth in determined hostility.

The stranger stopped suddenly, and eyed the little group with a smile of good-humoured interest; while Jessie, seizing her blue-bell, inflicted a blow on the rough coat of Hero, exclaiming, "For shame, you ill-bred dog! would you bark at a gentleman?"

"You are a very nice little girl," said the stranger, smil-

ing, as he stooped and smoothed down the silken hair of the child; "and you have got two very pretty dogs, although one of them seems as though he longed to declare war against me."

"Oh! sir, Hero will not bite, now I have bidden him be quiet," said the child, anxious to impress her companion with a proper sense of the docility of her favourites; "and Fancy never hurt any one in her life."

"I should think not," was the reply: "I have seldom seen two handsomer dogs. Did you not call this bright-eyed, clever-looking fellow, Hero? I wonder if your father would sell him!"

"What! sell Hero?" cried Jessie, in a voice of alarm, as she threw herself on the grass, and twined her arms round the neck of the bristly terrier; "why what a cruel man you must be!"

The stranger looked amused: "Well, well, my little maiden, I am not going to steal Hero; perhaps you will let me have Fancy instead."

"Oh, no!" said Jessie, shaking her head with a pretty gesture of deprecating solemnity: "Fancy is my mother's own dog—no, we *could not* sell Fancy; besides, Fancy is my favourite."

"That argument is conclusive," said the stranger; "and pray, my little fairy, what is your name?"

"Jessie Giroux, Sir."

"Giroux!" repeated the gentleman, thoughtfully, and then he looked steadfastly at the terrier; "what a singular occurrence! Will you take me home with you, little girl?"

“Not now,” lisped the child, in the same subdued tone in which she had previously spoken; “not now, because we are going to church, and we shall be too late.”

“Oh no, Jessie,” said her new friend, drawing out his watch, to her great admiration; “there is yet a long hour before church-time, and I shall probably not spend half that time in your cottage.”

Jessie refused no longer, and in five minutes she stood at her mother’s door hand-in-hand with the stranger, and followed by her two mute playfellows.

When they entered the cottage, the father was again there, and his wife was bending over him as he sat, with her arm round his neck, and her sweet voice urging him in its gentlest tones to accompany her to the house of prayer; but the unhappy man had not yet successfully struggled with the darkness of his spirit.

When Jessie had introduced her new acquaintance, he renewed the expression of his desire to purchase the dog; but Giroux would not listen to the proposal.

“You must have some peculiar reason for declining to part from the animal,” said the stranger, “for—you will forgive me the remark—your circumstances do not appear to warrant such pertinacity: money, I should have thought—”

“Would be acceptable enough, you would say, sir,” interposed Giroux, bitterly, “and you are right—but that dog reminds me of one of the few meritorious actions of my life—and there has been but too much necessity of late,” he added, in a more softened tone, “for me to remember what I once was.”

The peculiarity of the avowal drew forth an inquiry from the stranger; and, after some reluctance, Giroux told the tale of his blighted fortunes and withered hopes; how he had taken his wife from a comfortable home, with every prospect of offering to her another little, if at all, inferior to that which she had resigned for the purpose of sharing his fortunes; how troubles had thickened around him, and poverty had come upon him "like a thief in the night," in spite of his best efforts to ward it off. "But that is not the worst, sir," he added, as he looked tenderly to his timid partner: "the most bitter change of all has come over myself—you see my wife—not a prettier or a better girl ever became the bride of an honest man; not fairer nor fonder children than Paul and Jessie ever called an honest man father; and I was an honest man till lately—but now—"

"Merciful heaven, Paul!" screamed Annette, as she rushed forward, and stood before him, "what is this you say?"

"Nay, nay, my friend, it is not so bad as you fancy," said the husband, with a forced smile; "this hand has never yet sinned—but my heart, my heart, wife—it is not the honest heart that it used to be."

"Well, well, my good fellow," interposed the stranger, benignly, "your troubles and temptations have been many, and we are all but too prone to sink under them; but you should have emulated the gentle and patient virtues of your wife—you should have remembered that HE who gave is also free to take: enough of this, however; I owe

you more than a homily, and I will pay the debt.—Do you not remember me? I am Count Rosni, the original master of Hero. Surely you have not forgotten the youth whose life you saved some years ago! I have long been seeking for you, and at length you are found. You shall want no reasonable aid in surmounting your present difficulties; it will be to me a gratification as well as a duty to watch over your future fortunes; and I am sure you will rejoice to be enabled to place your wife in a sphere where her quiet and Christian virtues may have a fairer field. But, hark! the first peal of the church bell is now ringing cheerily over the gay green fields. I will not stay longer to detain you from your duty. To-morrow morning I will again visit you; and we will see what can be done. Fare you well, Jessie; and you, too, Annette—let me see none but happy faces when we next meet.”

“Paul! dear Paul!” murmured the grateful wife, as the young Count closed the door behind him; and she flung herself on the neck of her husband—“will you now refuse to accompany me to church?”

RESIGNATION.

A SONNET.

WHY mourns my voice ? why give I unto death
The last, lone numbers of my calméd heart,
With grief disquieting the lingering breath
Which may not yet from this fair world depart ?
Though the sweet fount for me no more should flow—
Though the bright song within me dims and dies ;
'Twas but the child of sorrow, and doth go
Into that grave wherein its parent lies.
Oh ! 'twas a perilous gift, and born in tears,
And nursed and nurtured by an anguished breast ;
And now, amid its brotherhood of fears,
With scarce a sigh I fold it to its rest ;
And, all unheedful of the voice of praise,
Welcome a life of immelodious days.

FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE ;

OR, THE TWO OLD MAIDS.

THE late Philadelphian millionaire, Mr. Stephen Girard, was wont to remark, among his friends, that, although he continually heard people complaining of *misfortune*, he had never met with it, and could not rightly comprehend its nature. From what he had been able to observe, in the course of a long life of mercantile adventure—the most treacherous and precarious of all human occupations, if we exclude the pursuit of military glory—he had found that those *accidents*, as we are prone to call them, which men usually attribute to misfortune, are almost invariably the consequence of a much more general cause—*mismanagement*.

Mr. Girard, like most men who are ultimately successful in life (we use this phrase here in its popular sense only), probably reviewed the difficulties of his youth and early manhood through a deceptive medium ; for, time mellows the roughest picture. The loss of his early patrimony, the irritation following the refusal of further assistance from those on whom he thought he had a natural claim, even the mortification surrounding his first attempt to retrieve his boyish losses as an humble retailer of house-sand, in a foreign land, must have risen with an effect rather ludicrous

than painful, to the memory of the rich merchant, whose vessels rode on every sea, and whose wealth was counted by millions. But whatever objection may be urged against the harshness of his philosophy, none can deny that what are termed misfortunes are, in very many instances, blessings in disguise.

Let not the reader become alarmed at our seriousness : we have no intention to preach a homily in the Cabinet of Modern Art, but merely to illustrate a valuable practical truth, from the history of the two fair beings whose portraits grace this article.

Amelia was the offspring of wealthy parentage. Her infancy was surrounded by all luxuries and indulgences that gold commands. The darling of her parents, every wish of her heart had been gratified almost before it reached the lip. Beautiful in the lustre of her large dark eye and ebon locks, her ear, in infancy, had fed on praise ; and when the great gardener, Time, moulded and trained her form into the grace and loveliness of the half-opened bud, an atmosphere of flattery enveloped her like a cloud. Truth, even when it rose before her, clothed in a robe woven of innocent thoughts within the sanctuary of her own innocent bosom, was so bedizened with the rainbow-tints refracted through the social medium in which she lived, that she became totally unable to distinguish between the real figure and the mere image, drawn in unsubstantial colours on the mist of the imagination, or reflected from the distorted mirror of conventional opinion.

As Amelia grew still older, and her young female friends

began, in the pauses of the dance of life, to wheel off into the great promenade of matrimony, she awoke to a strange feeling of dread, lest she should be thought guilty of singularity—that most unpardonable sin with those whose final position in society is yet to be established. “Mary is married, and Adelaide is married, and I am eighteen already!” said the beauty to herself; “one must marry.” But, had this *sequence* been disputed—had she been asked the grounds of this palpable necessity, she could not, for her life, have given a better reason than thus: “All the world gets married, and why should not I?”

Let us not unjustly depreciate her real merits. Look at her, as she reclines in the richly-carved arm-chair, in the iridescent light of the chandelier. It is fit that the sheen of polished gems and gold should cast a halo round the spoiled child of Fortune, to the exclusion of the more vulgar, though more natural rays of the silvery moonlight, stealing through the casement. Look at the pearl bracelet, the embroidered dress, the jewelled clasps; then turn from them to gaze upon the sweetness of a countenance so wholly untouched by care. Examine the gentleness of humour that plays upon the lip, and let imagination raise the drooping lids and free the curtained light of those large, languishing, dark eyes. Do this, and doubt, if you dare, that all the quick, self-sacrificing affections of a truly noble woman lie sleeping within the casket of that snowy bosom, ready to leap forth on the instant, when the true spring is touched.

“Has it not been touched?” you will inquire. “Has

one so blessed by nature and by fortune remained without a lover till sweet eighteen?" Assuredly not! She has had many. The moths begin to flutter round the lamp, even with the earliest twilight. But how can you expect that one from whom fortune has removed all other calls for serious thought, should now think seriously of love!

Lovers?—she has had hundreds of them, and has loved them all, *in full proportion to the depth of their own feelings*. To every butterfly the morning yields a sip of honey-dew. One, she has paid with a kind word in passing; another, with a smile; a third, perhaps, has claimed a sigh or two; she is already an acknowledged member of "society," and her benevolent and expansive sympathies embrace the whole army of presentables;—how shall she concentrate the affections of so large a heart upon a single claimant? She is wedded in soul to the perfection of humanity, as drawn by the genius of the first novel-writer of the age, and what man of earthly mould is worthy of her love?

But, "one must marry;" and, at the moment represented in the engraving, things were certainly becoming serious with the favourite of Fortune. For some time previous, two cavaliers of unusually decided pretensions had been nightly humming like hawk-moths around this fairest flower of the conservatory. The usual shower of smiles, soft words, gentle glances, and even sighs, had rewarded their assiduities; but it was evident that some deeper purpose drew them on. Papa looked thoughtful, and mamma began, for the first time, to read lessons on coquetry.

After tea, on a bright May day, Amelia sat in the old

carved arm-chair, musing upon these symptoms of an approaching crisis, and the lightest possible cloud did actually cross her brow as memory took an inventory of the said smiles, sighs, glances, &c., which she had ventured to bestow alternately upon each of two most eligible young men, in the mere playfulness of girlish fancy.

“I must positively choose one or the other,” said she; “for, one must marry, and pa and ma are growing anxious; but both are so amiable, so rich, and so well-looking that—how shall I decide?”

Just then the hall bell rang, and, in a few moments, the liveried servant entered, bearing upon a silver platter a perfumed note, in an embossed envelope. She seized it and broke the seal, as the servant disappeared.

“How charmingly he writes!” she exclaimed. “‘Dying for my bright eyes!’ No, Henry; you shall not die for me! My mind is made up for once, and papa will be so pleased!”

Another ring at the hall door.—Again the servant enters, bearing upon the silver platter another perfumed note, in another embossed envelope. Again she broke the seal.

“Good heavens! why, this is the very rhyming of passion! ‘Dying of my soft sighs!’ No, no, Charles; If I were to murder *you*, mamma would never forgive me. But how shall I save you both?”

Never was maiden more perplexed. With Charles’s billet in one hand and Henry’s in the other, she weighed their rival claims with almost as much caution as a mercantile speculator when measuring the relative advantages of two

proposed investments. Charles sported his trotter on the course and his box at the Opera.—“That is charming, is it not?” she whispered. Henry was lord of “The Woodlands,” and his yacht was the pride of the club: “How delightful!” she exclaimed. If she should marry Charles, her father’s plans were thwarted, and he would surely frown. That would never do, she thought, for it might compromise her outfit. If she accepted Henry, her mother’s hopes were blighted, and for that issue, all giddy as she was, her heart felt ill prepared. The clock gave forth the hours unheeded, and still she drew no nearer a conclusion.

Reader, have you ever perused the work of Rush on the Mind? If so, you will remember the case of the poor unfortunate who laid in bed till nightfall, because he was unable to determine whether he should patronise that day his blue or his green unmentionables. Amelia was in like distress, though many a pleasing dream was conjured by her fancy. The hours rolled on, and brought her in no-wise nearer a conclusion, until, with a vague notion of trust in Providence, she smilingly whispered to herself, “I will give just a little—a *very little*—encouragement to both; and when I know them better, perhaps—Ah me! how unfortunate it is to have too much good fortune! I am sure I should be very happy with either:—How *shall* I decide?”

But Amelia’s lovers happened to be more direct of purpose; each thought he had received from the fair object of his wishes indubitable proofs of preference, but each was too experienced in the world to be deceived by a mere child, when once the matrimonial speculation was resolved

upon and the definitive offer made. When Charles, the next morning, in the full confidence of an unexceptionable figure, bent low in mock humility before the lovely being whom he thought destined by Providence to renovate his exhausted exchequer, his practised eye at once perceived the error of his calculation. Fond doubts and distant hopes were ill adapted to the urgency of the occasion, and with a cold bow of mortified vanity, and a far bitterer feeling of revenge for the loss of irreclaimable time, he hastily retired. Shortly afterwards Henry, fully conscious of an unexceptionable estate, presented himself to learn whether the "angelic creature whose image Love had stamped upon his heart"—because he esteemed her so admirably adapted to move with grace at the head of an establishment—would condescend to render him eternally happy. A few minutes sufficed to convince him of the sorrowful fact that any other presentable of equal pretensions might have claimed the same reward of sighs and glances, fond doubts and distant hopes; and, with the blindest of all possible smiles, he courteously retreated, descending the steps with the air of an old angler when he exclaims, "Whew! what a glorious nibble!"

That evening, at the club, the rivals compared notes. Alas, poor Amelia! From that day forward, the fatal word "coquette" was stamped upon her fame. But "one must marry;" and the pursued became a pursuer. Loaded with wealth, decidedly beautiful, and naturally amiable, had she been able, while still in her prime, to choose her quarry with judgment and pursue it with singleness of purpose,

doubtless she would have succeeded; but it was invariably her *misfortune*, just as the chase was nearly closed, to have her attention diverted to some other object of pursuit, and while she stood pondering upon the question "How shall I decide?" the prey as constantly escaped.

At length age came, and leaf by leaf, the fair flower of the conservatory was stripped of its charms. Amelia, destined by nature for a happy wife, and honourably desirous of fulfilling her proper destiny, sank into the mortified old maid, unwillingly and sadly, the victim of early flattery and that indecision which invariably results from having our wants supplied by others, and feeling that wealth removes from us the necessity of those struggles and exertions which are the proper purifiers of man's nature as perverted at the fall. Let us inscribe upon her stately tomb this epitaph:—She had the *misfortune* to be rich!

Turn we to the antithesis of this sad picture. In a cottage upon the hereditary estate of our late heroine, resided the humbler subject of our second sketch. Despise her not for her comparative poverty. Nay; that need not be said. None can look upon her portrait and despise her. She is less beautiful than Amelia; but, though her garb is plain, her limbs undecked with jewels, and, save the simple cross of jet that hangs suspended on her bosom, she wears no ornament; though sorrow has sobered, not furrowed, her pale cheek and intellectual forehead; form, carriage, and attire, all speak the lady and inspire respect.

Maria was the victim of what the world calls *misfortune*,

even from her birth. The daughter of a merchant of princely estate, the hour that saw her born the heiress of a palace, saw that palace pass into the hands of others. One of those financial hurricanes that periodically desolate the most prosperous communities swept over the land, and left the merchant almost penniless.

As soon as the first paroxysm of despair was over, Mr. — collected his household goods and the few remaining dollars which a humane law and two or three unexactng creditors allowed him; then flying with his still feeble partner and the unconscious infant, from the cold glances and proud sympathy of former *friends*, he rented a few acres of land from the father of Amelia. There, for a time, he struggled manfully for the support of those so dear to him; but the arrow rankled in his soul, and his wife, though ardently affectionate, became querulous and despondent under the daily pressure of evils and annoyances of which she had previously no conception. Unsupported by the only earthly solace that can uphold a proud man under the bitterest reverses—a cheerful fireside,—Mr. — soon sank under his unwonted exertions. Maria had just begun to know and love him, when she found herself an orphan.

Happily, the bankrupt had preserved a portion of his originally slender library, and although the widowed mother, rendered energetic by the very desperation of her affairs, was compelled to almost insufferable labour with the needle, in order to obtain food and raiment, often in painfully deficient amount, she yet found time to instruct her child in the first rudiments of knowledge.

When Maria was old enough to accompany her mother to the village, she formed one of those intense childish intimacies that sometimes influence the whole current of after life. The object of this infantile affection was little George ——, the only son of a neighbouring farmer of moderate but comfortable means, though, we regret to say so, not very highly distinguished for moral propriety. George was, in those days, a cherry-checked, chubby little urchin, with a load of flaxen hair, looking much like a daguerreotype of a wagon-load of hay; and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed by the parents, at the ludicrous appearance of the young couple, as they trudged along together, arm in arm, like man and wife on their way to and from church on Sunday. But “time gallops with all,” from infancy to youth. When George became old enough to handle a hoe, his hours were chiefly devoted to the care of a little garden, whence, with Maria’s occasional assistance, he contrived to add very considerably to the poor widow’s comfort; and when the young girl was sufficiently advanced to be received as an assistant teacher in a neighbouring school, the lad was her constant attendant and protector.

Thus far, the tide of young affection ran smoothly enough; but when Maria became promoted, at seventeen years of age, to the principal control of the school, the father of her young playmate and companion suddenly discovered that the girl was now actually a young woman, and his son a youth rapidly ripening into the future guardian of his house’s honours.

Oh, aristocracy! In how many beautiful meanderings—

in how many secret or more open streams, pouring over the jewelled carpets of time-worn ravines, bubbling up in springs from flinty-hearted rocks, sinking into barren sands, reappearing in sequestered meadows—thy sparkling waters find their tortuous way from the moral baldness of the heights of power, down to the lowest prairie-land of humble life ! With reverence be it spoken :—How must the infinite Creator of this little ant-hill smile, when he beholds the negro waiter's wife debating precedence with the cook, or the honest citizen bowing before the king ! But, to our story.

That the son of the independent farmer—a purveyor for the stomachs of men and horses—should wed a mere trainer of ideas—a *schoolmistress*—and she too the daughter of a *needlewoman*, however nobly born, was a thought not to be endured. The future intercourse of the young friends was, therefore, interdicted under pain of disinheritance, and the heir of two hundred American acres was ordered to prepare for college ; not that learning was deemed necessary for a farmer's son, but because absence is deemed the proper lever with which to break the chains of love.

Had there been no parental interference with natural affection in this case, it is more than probable that it would never have transcended the proper paternal or Platonic limits ; and, in a few years, experience would have taught both parties that there existed between them an incompatibility of moral feeling foreclosing all thought of a closer tie. But where and when has rational human nature been known to submit without resistance to arbitrary and irrational dictation ? We may reason as we please on points of

abstract duty, but practically, nothing but the direct command of God, transmitted by himself—not through his instruments—can *compel* obedience to an ostensibly irrational code; and even *this* command compels, not by confounding, but by enlightening human reason. Examine the actual issue of all other doctrines, and you will find them prolific in hypocritical knaves, but not in genuine Christians.

No such light divine prevented Maria from granting to the farmer's son an interview, on the moonlight evening preceding his unwilling journey to the scene of his future studies—the *vices* and the literature of capitals. They met at the foot of the old hickory tree, round which the fox-grape wound its hardy foliage. There were sighs, and tears, and silence; but the moment of parting came.

“By the light of yon moon,” (she was a fitting emblem of his firmness, though not of his affections,) “by the light of yon moon, I swear—”

“‘Swear not at all,’” solemnly interrupted Maria; “if I could not believe you upon your word, I would not on your oath.”

“Then, on the word of a man; as soon as my age renders me independent of my tyrant father, I will lay my hopes and fortune at your feet! But why should we wait, Maria? I am ready *now* to put it beyond his power to interrupt our happiness.”

“We are both young yet, dear George; and never shall the world have cause to say that I, an humble schoolmistress—the penniless offspring of a ruined house—imposed upon the youthful inexperience of the rich farmer's heir!”

“Curse on the world! What is the world to us?”

“Leave curses to the God of Justice, George, and let us at least respect ourselves.”

“And what security have I, that when these hateful studies are over, and I quit the dull brick walls of the city, with its foul air and fouler habits, to return once more to the green fields we love and the old hickory tree,—what security have I that you will be the same dear Maria that you now are?”

There came a momentary flush of wounded feeling to the brow of the young girl; for what woman ever heard breathed, for the first time, a doubt of the constancy of her attachment, without a pang of suffering? But it passed, and she replied:—

“Never, dear George, no, never will I”——

A flood of tears suppressed the heart-breathed “wed another.” There was a gentle pressure of hands, a kiss upon a pale brow, and George was gone.

The moment seized upon by the artist was some three years later than the parting just described. The young collegian had reached his majority, and at the same time the conclusion of his studies. A correspondence had been kept up between our hero and heroine, but with steadily retarded punctuality on the part of George, partly from the resistance of the constant force of parental opposition, but chiefly from that of metropolitan dissipation. But, just as the young farmer stepped from the rostrum after delivering the oration which, as the winner of first honours, it became his duty to deliver, a letter was put into his hands by a well-known

tenant of his father, whose only answer to his warm inquiries as to the welfare of friends at home was—"Read that, Mr. George."

"Good heavens! what has happened?" exclaimed the young man; but the messenger had already disappeared.

That night George sat alone in his chamber. The pride of the successful candidate was drowned for the moment in the natural grief of the bereaved son. The solace which he might have found in the conviction that a father's death had removed all extraneous barriers to his union with Maria, —for whom, however he might have neglected her, he had unceasingly felt the deepest sentiment of love of which his heart was capable—was dashed by the consciousness of her high principle and uncompromising virtue. Was he a fitting mate for her? Could she forgive a thousand slights, a thousand bursts of levity with which he had replied to her kind admonitions, when his letters gave sad evidence of the fearful rapidity with which the world had soiled and contaminated the artless purity of the fond country boy who won her heart three years before? Had he not often ejaculated, on reading her affectionate warnings, wet as they were with righteous tears, "Psha! what a fool! She knows nothing of the world?"

"At all events," said he, with a natural nobility of feeling which the world had not yet found time to smother, "I will not deceive her. Though she is the only beacon-star to guide me back to virtue through the slough of dissipation in which I have involved myself, she shall know me as I am. If, when she knows all, she marries me, I shall not fear the

wreck of happiness when she discovers, as she soon must, the occasional excesses which habit has already rendered it impossible at once to conquer." Then, although flattery whispered, "Saint as she is, she will not sacrifice the advantages of such a match to a poor schoolmistress, on account of a few youthful indiscretions," he trembled as he proceeded to indite a long epistle, in which he candidly unravelled the history of his youthful errors, with heart-uttered promises of future reformation, and concluded with these words:—

"Thus, dearest, my heart of hearts lies open before you. I would not have you think me better than I am; and will not this fact—this most unusual conduct—be your best security against all future deception? It is proverbial that 'a reformed rake makes the best of husbands,' and I have been no rake, my Maria, though the unguardedness of youth and the temptations of the capital, may have made me somewhat of a debauchee. Be you the guardian angel to guide me back to innocence and virtue. To-morrow must be given to the burial of my poor father. Oh! had he but known your worth and my unworthiness, how different would have been our feelings at this hour! The next day—but the issue of that day you must decide. Say 'come,' and I will fly to claim our pledge of former years, and hail you mistress of those miserable acres that once caused our parting; refuse, and they may pass to whomsoever fate decrees;—I will be seen no more in the fields where we gathered the pure wild flowers—in the church where we worshipped together. The mail that brings this to you carries me to

the house of death. Forward your answer there. Farewell!"

Next day Maria sat at the foot of the old hickory tree. Long and repeatedly she scanned every word and phrase in the long narrative of her lover. Most deeply did she acknowledge the full force of the compliment conveyed in the naked candour and self-abandoned confidence of the young man—the truest test of natural nobility of heart. Most keenly did she feel how glorious would be the task of leading back an erring soul, *and such a soul*, to heaven. Most ardently did she search the letter for one poor trace, one little spark, of heaven-born principle, which, blown into a flame by her pure breath, might light the darkness of his moral night; but all was cold and worldly. She sighed, and whispered to herself, "I cannot rear grapes upon the bramble, be it ever so green; I cannot raise flowers upon the richest soil, if heaven deny its dews!" But then came a dream of the broad acres and the comfortable homestead, —the sheep, the poultry, the cattle, and the light songs of the cherry-checked milkmaid and the sturdy ploughman. It changed; and there stood her humble cottage, with her feeble old mother looking mournfully at the slenderly provided board, muttering, in querulous imbecility, regrets for the loss of former luxuries, and complaints that there were so few potatoes for dinner. Alas, poor Maria! they were all she had, for her last quarter's salary was exhausted! "How *should* I decide?" said she, and turned to pray.

Well; the next day the rich man who had died was buried, and the heir sat awaiting the summons that should call him

to the presence of his future partner. That such would be its tenor, he could not for a moment doubt. It came, and read as follows :

“ Spare yourself, dear George, the pain of witnessing my anguish. Through days of sorrow and long nights of tears, I have cherished your image, and hoped against hope, as your letters showed, from month to month and from year to year, how the world was wearing away the only sure foundation of my hope,—the heartfulness of the country boy who used to join with me in prayer, as we sat side by side in the old village church. I have sought, anxiously and prayerfully sought, in all your narrative, for one avowal, one appeal that speaks a consciousness of our dependence on the only power that can reform the soul. Oh, George, dear George! what would I not sacrifice for you! But I dare not impiously assume the task that God himself has failed in! Speak not of fate! God gives the law, then furnishes the means, but leaves our fate to our own working. How I have loved you—how I now love your *memory*, I have no words to say; but my love is for the country boy who sat by my side in the village church. I cannot find him in your letter! May God restore you to yourself—I cannot! I will think of you, pray for you, and never shall I cease to love the boy to whom I pledged my faith, that moonlight night, at the old hickory tree. My heart can love but one, and I will keep my pledge, for I will never wed another. God bless you, and support my breaking heart—farewell!”

The rich farmer's acres passed into other hands, and their proceeds were nearly expended, when the body of a

gambler, killed in a civil broil, was borne from the far-off capital, and deposited in the village churchyard. There, every summer, on a certain evening, came a solitary female with a little basket of wild flowers, to scatter them on the grave. For a time, when the inquisitive stranger inquired her history, the villagers replied: "It is Maria, the school-mistress, going to do penance at the grave of the rich farmer who was fool enough to make love to her. She, like a greater fool, jilted him; so he took to drink, and was killed in a fight in town." But even village scandal tires itself out at last; and after some time, the reply was contracted into the simple phrase, "It is Maria, the school-mistress."

In the days to which this history refers, I was familiar as a boy with the scenes of its location, but circumstances afterwards rendered me, for many years, a wanderer in distant places, and in foreign lands. When the natural desire of a man entering upon the decline of life induced me once more to visit the little village, I found the old gray-headed sexton almost the only remaining living link connecting it with my memories of the past; and as we strolled through the graveyard together, commenting upon the multiplied records of death's doings, my attention was arrested by a neat but unpretending tombstone, bearing within a wreath of roses no name, but simply the touching phrase, "God bless her!"

"Some victim of human perfidy, I suppose, or some nameless stranger, upon whom Fortune frowned with peculiar spite," said I.

“Maybe you are right in the last guess, Mr. Johnson,” replied the sexton; “but somehow or another, I am bothered about it, and don’t know what to say. If she had married when she might, she would have been almost as rich as the sour old maid that used to be lady of the Woodlands, and who now ‘leads apes’ just where she ought to do it; but then d’ye see, if she *had* married that born devil as proposed for her, I’m by no means certain she’d ha’ been a hap’orth better off in this world (always saving her good fortune in being rich) than old Amelia is down there, as we may say (and he pointed meaningly to the ground); for *my lady* never did a deed of charity in her life. They did say, *this one* jilted the rich farmer, and that caused him to take to bad courses, and brought him to his death; but I’m loth to believe such a story of an angel, and what’s ‘bred in the bone,’ you know. I rayther calculate she had the good sense to see as it was better to live half fed, and as poor as a horse on the commons, than to marry and be rich with a rake as has no principle.”

“Good heavens! you must be speaking of Maria, the schoolmistress.”

“Right for once, anyhow, Mr. Johnson!”

“Why, when I left here, all the village sneered at her as she went, every tenth of June, to do penance and cast flowers on the grave of poor George ——. They looked upon her as little better than a murderess.”

“Right again ye are, Mr. Johnston, but it was *they* as was all wrong; they did not know her. They comes now and throws flowers on *her* grave—not once a year, but

almost all the year. You may see some withered ones there now, though it's the middle of November, and even the chrysanth'ums are dead in the gardens with the last hard frost.—Stop! don't you pick 'em up! them's sacred, and I'd rayther lose my right hand than touch one, saving to put it back where it belongs, when the wind happens to blow it away. Next Sunday, after church, many's the little orphan ye'll see standin' here, cryin' because they can't gather no more." And the old man drew the back of his hand across his face.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said I, feeling deeply interested; "who carved upon the tombstone this heartfelt blessing?"

"One thing at a time, if you please," replied the sexton. "D'ye see, it was two years after George —— was buried, that her mother died too; and then, when they saw how she grieved, and how she lived all alone in the little cottage, some of the ladies wanted to take her home with them to live. But she wouldn't leave, and she went on with her school as if nothing had happened, and took on with nobody only the old parson. She would go about with him to visit the sick and the poor, 'tween schools and on Sunday, and it soon came out that all she could rake and scrape out of her earnings, now that she had no mother to support, went to the poor, though she did all she could to hide it, and stinted herself more and more to save money and things to give them away. Then there was no more pointin' at her as she went to George's grave. Even the old one at the great house couldn't stand it no longer, but

said she was a good *girl* at heart, 'though she had been a jilt!' Then, ye see, the cholery came in '32, and everybody was frightened out of their lives. The school was shut up, and the people ran away, and the lawyers ran away, and the doctors ran away, and, at last, even the parson ran away. There was hardly anybody left but the sick, who couldn't run, and the poor, who did not know where to run, and the schoolmistress, and myself; for I never run from Death;—he is my best customer, you know. Then the schoolmistress turned to, and cleared out the schoolhouse for an hospital; and when there was too many down for that, and travellers were taken on the road, she cleared out her own house, and made that into an hospital,—all but one room;—*that* she kept for the little orphans who had no home. And I broke open the apothecary's shop to get at the medicines, and put beds in the pews of the church. The schoolmistress, God bless her! was doctor and nurse and everything. Whenever I had no graves to dig for a few hours—and that wasn't very often—I used to gear up any horses I could find, and ride with her round the country, seeing how they got along, from farm to farm; and she laid out the dead, and I buried them. She seemed never to sleep and never to eat, though she cooked and made gruel for all she could, and cared no more for the blue collapse than I for an old skull; though I was often skeered myself to hear people talkin' and groanin' when you'd ha' thought they had been dead a week, and to see them move and turn and wink at us, even after they was clean dead for an hour or two, like so many chickens with

their heads cut off.—I see them still, when I dream o' nights!

“So we got through the cholery pretty comfortably, considerin', till the people came back agin; and then, wasn't there blessin's showered upon the dear old maid! But the worst was to come yet; for, when all was over, and every-thing was put to rights, what did she do but turn to and die herself! She was worn out in the service, and the last words she spoke was, 'Bury me by George!' My heart is pretty tough, for I have lived upon death this many a year, but when I saw her laid upon her board—she that had laid out so many when all the reg'lar nurses ran away—I cried like a child,—I did!—I cried like a child!

“And now, sir,” he added, drawing his time-enfeebled form to its full height, and frowning like a fiend, “great man and rich man as you are, if you touch one withered flower that lies upon that grave, I'll—knock you down!”

Deep thought upon the justice of the world's decisions held me in perfect silence for a moment, and, in a milder tone, the good old sexton continued his discourse.

“You was talkin' of *misfortune*, Mr. Johnson; I don't know how it is, but when I think of the long settlement we must all one day make up yonder,” (pointing to the heavens,) “I somehow feel as if to live like her, to do like her, and then to die like her, would be a better fortune than even Stephen Girard's. When they carried her to her last home, she was followed by all the feeble, and the lame, and the ragged for ten miles round. The graveyard was full of people, and there was not a dry eye there. Next day, they



carried round a paper, and before the sun went down they raised money enough at a cent apiece (they wouldn't take any more, though the parson and the doctor, and half a dozen lawyers each wanted to pay the whole), to buy this marble stone, and put on it for ever the only thing that could reach her in the place she went to—their last 'God bless her!'

"There is but one thing," I remarked, as soon as a huskiness in my voice permitted me to speak, "there is but one thing wanting to make that epitaph complete."

"What might it be, sir? Her name?"

"Pshaw! Twaddle! What signifies a name among forgotten millions, on whose remains the oxen graze and fatten!"

"What then, sir?"

"Simply this:—She had the *good fortune* to be poor!"



THE LITTLE CONQUEROR ;

OR, HOW TO GOVERN.

HURRAH ! my little fellow ! Well may you be proud of your conquest. Your foot is on the head of the beast, and conquest is fame. But are you quite sure that this *is* conquest ? The animal has four times your strength : his looks are gentle just now ; he is docile and trained to obedience ; —but are you quite sure that he is subdued ? How much of your authority is due to your own prowess—how much to his forbearance ? Should a deer or an unfortunate rabbit cross his path, or should a strange dog seek to share his master's favour, do you think that slender leash would restrain him within the bounds of canine propriety ? Should it enter into his imagination to take a quiet contemplative ramble in the woods, to breathe the air of freedom and meditate upon his happy days of puppyhood and innocence, do you think you could control him ? I fear me much that very slight temptation might lead him to rebel, in which case you would be obliged to follow against your will, with merely the semblance of command, or be dragged or rolled in the dust, despite the music of your ensign of command—that little hunter's horn.

We live in a strange age, young Conqueror, and have seen many a monarch with his foot upon the head of the people; but an object of rapine or a dream of freedom flashed upon the popular eye, and where were they? Following unwillingly in the wake of those they deem their slaves, or grovelling on the ground!

There is another moral in your attitude of triumph, and it must one day come home to you, for it applies not only to princes but to the humblest citizen.

There are brutes within our nature, which we must conquer or they will conquer us:—the *passions*; the worst of masters, but the best of servants. To conquer *them*, is the noblest of all human victories. Begin at once with them, my brave little fellow. You cannot begin too early. They are gentle just now, and easily taught. Train them to obedience in their puppyhood, before they become doggedly fixed in evil propensities; so shall they learn to obey the leash by habit. Then, they will be easily *led*, though none can be their tyrant. Be reasonable in governing that which cannot be destroyed. Gall them, and they will turn upon you, and make their boasting master their first sad sacrifice. Subject them to too strong temptation, in the pride of strength and power, and they will drag you after them in their wild chase of “glorious” rapine. Enlarge their freedom too widely before they are taught the inevitable consequences of its abuse, and they will leave you in the mire. Follow these rules, my young enthusiast, and then “Hurrah!” for you will be indeed “a little Conqueror!”

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's from the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more ;
Is not this all a mystery? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why ;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings ;
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by ;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar,—
A flower-scent floating past our parent's door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown ;—
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain spring-showers from the blighted heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear;—
These are Night's Mysteries—who shall make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone, which nought can still,
Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;—
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis Mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom Death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismayed!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way among these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
Th' immortal nature with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and ev'n the tears they wake
Shall then be blessed, for that high Nature's sake.

MY BIRD.

TO AN INFANT CHILD.

PRETTY bird! O pretty bird!
Never yet in forest heard,—
Never where the fawns are leaping,—
Never where the stream is sleeping!

Never yet on mountains green,
Or in meadows hast thou been;—
Never on the branches clinging,—
Never in the pine tree singing!

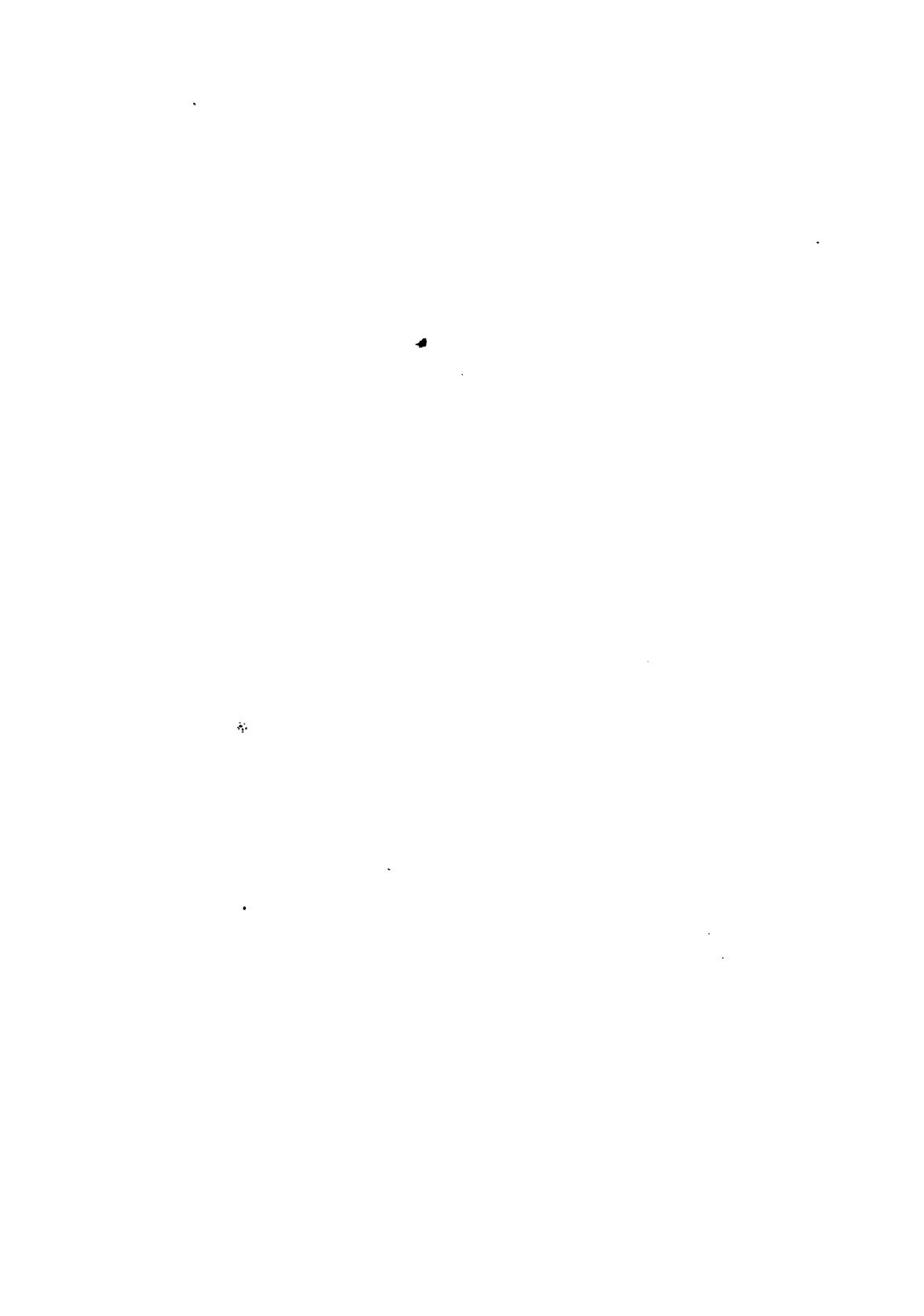
Never!—Yet, dear bird, with me
Thou hast flown across the sea,
Where the winds are ever blowing,
And the mighty tides are flowing:

And thy tongue hath sounded sweet
In the busy city's street;
In the silence of the morning;
In the night;—(a gentle warning,

Driving from the darkness, themes
Evil and malicious dreams,
And through all the changing hours
Wreathing every thought with flowers.)

Thou didst come, a blessing crowned,
(Thou, who wast in winter found!)
To thy gentle mother's breast
Bearing gentler, softer rest!

—Can the nightingale, whose tone
Saddens all the forest lone,—
Can the vernal thrush, who sings
Like the gush of silver springs,—
Or the bird who meets the sun,
Ever do as *thou* hast done?—



and the oldest boy half dead with the cold he caught by running of errands barefoot, though his father was brought up a shoemaker!"

"It isn't kind of you, madam, to be twitting me with my misfortunes," replied Crispin, with a dolorous look and a tear in his eye. "You know very well that if I was not so poor, the old woman would be well fed and all the children decently clothed."

"Well, never mind her croaking, my lad," rejoined the Fiend; "it is enough to make a demon weep to hear such hard-hearted virtues trying to cut a poor man off from the only solace that cruel fate has left him; so, go in at once, call for a stiff one, and drown dull care for a while at least. Conscience herself will let you alone while the liquor lasts."

"That's true," said the unhappy man, and made a step in advance.

"Hold!" cried Conscience, with unwonted energy; and her voice shot through his frame like a flash of electricity. "You talk of your poverty! What caused that poverty, you wretched being? Were you poor when you enticed pretty Jane Williams from the side of her mother, to make her the wife of a drunkard? You were not a drunkard then, James: you *made* shoes, where you now only mend them; and you had everything comfortable around you. What went with the little capital that supplied you with leather? Did you not toss it away, penny by penny and sixpence after sixpence, for the vile poison that they sell inside here? Did you not stand and laugh, like a great overgrown boy, to hear the coin chink into the brandy-

bottle, or plunge '*che-bung*' into the beer-barrel, while pretty Jane was hardening her hands over the wash-tub, and wrinkling her smooth brow with care, as the family increased and the income dwindled away? You know that you were too drunk to call yourself a man when you lost your last ten dollar bill, set aside for hides of soles and uppers, and tumbled yourself down from cordwaining to cobbling, on a wager as to which had the longest face, a horse or a donkey! Go on your errand, James, and save the sixpence to buy a cough-mixture for poor little Willie!"

Pierson drew down the angles of his mouth at this appeal, as he stood fumbling mechanically in his pocket;—for he had actually forgotten for the moment the object of his search, in certain soul-sickening recollections of Jane Williams, bounding down the garden path to meet him when he laid his hand upon the latch of the gate, at her mother's cottage, in the golden twilight of a summer day, some twenty years ago. He turned up first one ear, and then the other, as if listening for the advice of his more agreeable and less exacting familiar; while his countenance actually twitched with ludicrous irresolution.

But the Fiend was prudent. He bit his sardonic lip, and beat an inaudible tattoo with his hoof upon the pavement, till he thought the deep impression made by Conscience had, in some degree, faded. Then he ventured slyly to remark: "Perhaps you had better do as she says, my boy, but—sorry for you! How weak and sick you will feel in the afternoon! You'll certainly lose half a day."

"That's true, and I can't afford it," thought the cobbler, brightening a little.

"Take your glass," said Conscience, "and how weak and sick you'll feel in the morning! You'll lose a whole day."

"That's true, too," thought he, more perplexed than ever; "I must lose three days, for I can get no more money till Saturday, and work without liquor I cannot."

"Were you sick and feeble of mornings before you began to take liquor?" inquired Conscience, demurely.

Friend Nicholas grinned horribly, but had nothing to say. There was silence for some moments, when James cried out, very testily: "I wish one or other would be off and leave me—I would follow either of you gladly if t'other were away; and to tell you the truth, friend Nicholas, though I love *you* best, because you never twit me with my faults, you bother me so between you that I would not give a toss of this sixpence to determine which to follow."

The Fiend was not slow to seize the happy moment when the cobbler drew forth the truant coin:—"That's fair," said he, "and I'll leave you to Conscience till Saturday night, if you say so. If she can make a fool of you, after twenty years' experience, so be it; for you will then be hardly worth my care! I can't be of much use to you till your earnings come in—so, say it's a bargain, and seal it with a treat!"

"Agreed!" cried Pierson, and stepped forward with the alacrity of habit, forgetting that he had only money enough for a single glass, and that, by the customs of the bar-room, it was his place to treat the company. But just as he

reached the threshold he felt something like a smart tap upon his right shoulder, and a voice that went through and through his ears, like a thunder-clap, called out, "Remember the cough-drops for Willie!"

He stood aghast and trembled for a moment, but the Fiend whispered him huskily, "Be a man, Jemmy, and don't be frightened at the shadow of your own thoughts!"

This was the crisis of the cobbler's fate, and he was on the point of yielding, when Conscience, making a compromise, as she sometimes will, between expediency and the abstract right, ventured to abate a little of her severe dignity, and condescended to resort to an innocent finesse. "Come, come, my good fellow," said she, "you know you have no work on hand this afternoon, so there'll be no time lost if you should be a little sick this afternoon. Then, as for to-morrow and next day, you know, you'll have to feel miserable at all events; for you'll have no money to buy liquor with, and since you have been unfortunate nobody will trust you. Now just give up one glass for the sake of poor little Willie."

Pierson yielded at once to her softened tone, and bringing his foot down firmly as he turned his back on the door of the grog-shop:—"Mr. Nicholas," said he, "I've made up my mind. Conscience has been very kind, all along; she has never left me, though I have not been alone with her for an hour these twenty years: I'll buy the cough-drops for Willie, and meet you again on Saturday night.—Then we'll have a regular blow-out together."

"Just as you please," said the Fiend, tartly, "since you

will have it so. It's a pleasant, dozing time you'll have of it with the sour old lady, so I'll send you a few amusing dreams to entertain you o' nights till we meet again."

So saying, the Fiend retreated, and Pierson went on his way with a lighter heart than he had known for years; for Conscience was singing in his ears, all the time, about the happiness that comes of making others happy. Little Willie got his cough-drops; Jane smiled when she saw that he was perfectly sober; and, although he felt sick and miserable that afternoon, he did not mind it much; for Conscience was all the while telling him how nobly he had behaved in struggling with temptation.

Next day, however, matters were far worse. There was a ringing in his ears, a terrible emptiness of stomach that felt just like hunger, though the very idea of food was loathsome, and his head seemed to be expanded into a vast balloon, freighted with emptiness. He was so miserable that he became vexed at Conscience, even when she spoke to him approvingly, and he would certainly have sallied forth in search of stimulus, in spite of her solicitations, had he possessed the means. As it was, he wore away a weary day in a state of physical weakness that at least rendered him incapable of making others uncomfortable; and he passed a miserable night in dreaming of all kinds of vague and undefined difficulties, for which, as he well knew, he had to thank his absent familiar.

It was not until Saturday morning that he became fully aware of the kindly recollections of his friend Nicholas. The influence of his good genius was by that time totally

obliterated, and he would have welcomed the Fiend with the fervour of an affectionate brother, had he presented himself in person, and in the garb becoming and proper for the prince of darkness. But his Satanic majesty is a humorist and *roué*, as well as "a gentleman;" and, like England's merry monarch, he is fond of travelling in disguise through the humble walks of life. Being really irritated, on this occasion, by the contumacious rectitude of Pierson, in relation to his last sixpence, he resolved to amuse himself with a little pantomime, at the expense of his votary,—the characters to be dressed up in the garb in which they are usually painted on the imagination of elderly ladies who are not very spiritual in their notions, and children by the cottage fire, when aunty is telling them terrible stories on stormy winter nights, by the light of tallow candles.

On Saturday morning the cobbler arose with the sound of rushing waters in the interior of his head,—all visual objects dancing before him, as if seen through a running stream, where the rays of light are bent and twisted about by a varying refraction, such as we see above an oven or a heated stove. His ideas, also, were confused; and when, in utter desperation, he sat down to write a note,—begging a journeyman mechanic, for whom he had done a little job, to antedate the usual weekly six o'clock settlement with his employer by a few paltry hours, and send him a shilling, for the love of one he seldom addressed except blasphemously,—his hand shook so violently that he could not hold his pen. His consciousness of surrounding things soon became indistinct; objects seemed to change their shapes

continually; his mind began to wander; chairs, tables, and bureaux took life, and skipped about merrily on their ill-fashioned legs;—and soon the pantomime began.

On the instant, the room was filled with all manner of hideous shapes; lizards, snakes, ugly dogs, and quarrelling cats, were skipping about on all sides—hissing, growling, snarling, and menacing him with the most horrible death. The cold sweat poured from his brow, and his countenance writhed with agony. Presently his friend Nicholas appeared in the centre of the group, with an enormous fiddle in his hand.

“Ha! ha!” said the Fiend; “driven Conscience away again, Jemmy? I thought as much. Can’t get along without a little of the creature? Well, well; I’ve come to take you where you’ll have plenty of it, gratis. These are your future brothers and sisters, Jemmy; they are ready to wait on you to your new home.—Embrace him, Jack,” said he, addressing a huge grimalkin, with the head of a grizzly bear;—and most prodigiously did his majesty appear to be amused at the loathing and horror with which the cobbler turned from the ideal contact.

“Now don’t be ashamed of your own kith and kin, Jemmy. These hobgoblins were all drunken shoemakers in their day; so let us have a dance before we go. It’s a long way down, and you had better make your limbs supple before starting, or you may chance to go head foremost. The temperance men have cut away so many rounds from the ladders and so many props from under the stairs, of late, that it’s not so easy to get—you know where—as it once

was ; and the more 's the pity ! Come, children, let us have a little sport in honour of the occasion."

With that, he drew the bow across the bass string, and a stunning peal of thunder shook the house. Then he touched a note *in alt* ; and it was like the creak of a wheelbarrow, large enough to trundle half creation over the big stones in the pavement of the milky way, and as sharp as a northwester playing upon an old sign-board. The cobbler's teeth chattered, both with fear and discord ; but the music went on, and so did the dance, till the floor rose and fell, and the walls rocked to and fro, and it became evident to the trembling wretch that he was about to be crushed beneath them. He saw his wife among the crowd, but somebody had set on her head a wreath of rattlesnakes. Little Willie was there, but the witches had turned his legs into a fish's tail. There was also a beautiful creature,—oh ! it was exquisitely beautiful,—that he had never seen before ; but he knew it was an angel, and wondered how it could bear to stay in such a place. He tried to call to his wife to drive the tormentors away, and endeavoured to pray to the angel for the same purpose ; but every time he opened his mouth, a little squab figure with a bob-wig, green spectacles, and a gold-headed cane with a live snake for the staff, kept thrusting into his mouth some bitter pills and a mixture smelling of assafœtida and ether, that took fire the moment it touched his lips, and choked his utterance. To add to his rage and despair, the Fiend kept taunting him, at the end of every bar, with, "A very pretty blow-out, for Saturday night ; is it not, Jemmy ?" And all the while, he

heard a smothered voice which he knew to be that of Conscience, calling out from an empty cupboard, over which the Fiend had pinned an old tattered bed-spread,—“All your own fault, Jemmy! Serves you right, Jemmy! Told you how it would be, Jemmy!” with the regularity of the ticking of a clock, and an effect like the ancient death-torture by the ceaseless dropping of water on the head.

By a kind providence, there is a limit to the extent of suffering which human nerves are capable of feeling. Beyond this limit lie palsy, death, or sleep. What influence the little squab figure in green spectacles may have had in determining the latter alternative in the cobbler's case, the reader must determine. How long the horrors continued, Pierson had no means of knowing; but, at last, he sank into a lethargy so deep that even the Fiend's fiddle could not wake him.

When Pierson awoke to consciousness again, he found the room darkened, and his wife sitting at the bedside.

“Are they gone? don't let them come near me,” were the first words he uttered.

“Let who?” asked his startled helpmate. “You are wandering still, James. They said you would be yourself again when you woke. Be calm, that's a good man, do!”

“I am calm enough now, Jane; but who was the little man with the gold-headed cane?”

“Who but the doctor, dear? He never left you for more than one hour at a time, till he put you to sleep. But sure he's much bigger than you!”

“And who locked Conscience up in the cupboard, and smothered her with the counterpane?”

“Oh, dear! Now you are wandering again! What *shall* I do?”

“Never mind, Jane; I’ll be all right directly. Get me my clothes; for I must go and collect five shillings that are due me for the week’s jobbing. They all agreed to pay me to-night, when the hands were paid off.”

“Bless your dear heart, this is not that Saturday; it’s next Saturday. You have been raving crazy for five days, and asleep for two days and nights; so do be quiet and recollect yourself!”

“I begin to understand it all now,” said Pierson; “I have had the horrors, for want of a little liquor, which I had not money to buy.—Is Willie well?”

“Yes, pa,” replied the little fellow, leaping on the bed, fixing his large, dark eyes upon his father’s face, and then throwing his arms round that father’s neck, in very gratitude.

“Ah, Willie! that sixpence cost me dear, but I’m glad you had the cough-drops, though you came to tease me so often while I was sick,—wallowing about the room on a fish’s tail! But, Jane,” he added more seriously, “there *was* an angel here, and no mistake; she sat over in yon corner, on the broken chair;—who was she?”

“An angel, indeed! But I am almost afraid to name her to *you*. You know, James, when you was fairly taken down, there was not a stick in the cellar, nor a slice of bread in the cupboard, and what was I to do? I remembered that Mr. Scattergood was the richest man in town, and

that it was he who made a cobbler of you, by refusing you credit for a couple of hides. So as I could do nothing else—now don't be angry, Jemmy—nothing else than beg or starve, I went and told him how things stood with us; for, thinks I, James has more claim on him than anybody else."

"And he turned you out of doors, of course?"

"Not he! he said you were a good-hearted fellow, and if you would only quit the bottle, so that what he did might make things better instead of worse, he would be glad to help you."

"Did he, though?"

"Indeed he did; and his daughter—that's the angel—was by, and she spoke up and said: 'Pa, I'm a Daughter of Temperance, and it's my duty to do all I can to persuade Pierson to mend his ways for the sake of his poor family; so, let me go and provide for them: and if he gets well, you'll be kind to him and trust him for leather, will you not? My conscience will never give me any rest if you refuse!'"

"Her *Conscience*, did she say?"

"Yes, James; and her father smiled and kissed her. He promised all she asked, and we came away together; and from that time, we have lived better than we've done these ten years; and the baby is fattening up, and Willie's as spry as a lark. Just look at his new shoes!"

"Her *Conscience*, do you say?"

"Yes, Jemmy dear, her *Conscience*; and now, won't *your* *Conscience* persuade you to take the pledge?"

"I'll take no pledge, Jane. If a man's word will not bind

him, neither will his oath ; but if ever another drop of the creature touches my lip, may Nicholas carry me off next Saturday night, in a real regular *blow-out* !”

From this time, Jemmy Pierson began to rise in the world. He became a respectable cordwainer once more, and, after a few years, a wholesale dealer in shoes. He now lives “in town,” and is as rich or richer than Mr. Scattergood. Whenever he sees an unhappy tatterdemalion “making worm fence” along the public street, he shakes his head and exclaims : “Pity that somebody does not steal his last sixpence, shut him up with his own *Conscience* for a week, and then, kindly give him a lift in the world : my word on it ; he’d never drink again !”



of that physical want of our nature, without which the health of neither body nor mind can be preserved. On Friday—the Mahometan day of rest—whenever the sun shines warmly and clearly, the population of Constantinople pours forth in a continued current to the water's edge, and embarks in a fleet of light and rapid caiques, dotting the bright waves of the Sea of Marmora, towards the Valley of Sweet Waters, to “ruralize” among its bright green bowers, its airy bridges, and sparkling waterfalls.

Start not, fair advocate of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, at the idea that this is a desecration of the day which the Mahometan professes to keep holy! It were well for us, if, in the midst of our energetic struggles after wealth, we should imitate, in some respects, the religious habits of a race whom we profess to look upon with holy horror. Where the loud call of the priest is heard daily from the high towers of the mosque at the rising and setting of the sun, and, at the sound, the world unites in prayer—where the idea of the immediate presence of the Deity is felt, his power acknowledged and appealed to in all the ordinary transactions of life, while profanity is frowned upon and indeed scarcely known—the people may safely venture forth, to breathe the healthy breeze, make rational use of the limbs that God himself bestows upon them, and look up towards the heavens cheerfully and thankfully from the altar of Nature, although it may be even on a holy day.

Why is it that in freer lands—in England, where Liberty first *partially* burst the bands of hereditary power, and in

America, where she completed the sacred task—a public provision for public recreation is almost unknown? We have theatres and dens of vice, to lead the exhausted crowds to degradation, in the vain attempt to shake off the shackles of care;—we have free schools and night schools, still more to overtask the brain, already exhausted by the harassment of business or labour: but where are our gardens and pleasure-grounds, where, properly protected from the rowdyism and crime with which the carelessness of society inundates our suburbs, the *heart* may be permitted to expand under the softening and humanizing influence of natural scenery? A mind trained exclusively within the limits of a close-built city, with ideas straitened within a stiff-ribbed corset of brick walls, can never rise into the dignity of freedom or become worthy of affiliation with “a commonwealth of princes.” Let us, also, institute our Valleys of Sweet Waters! Each city has some favoured spot in its environs well fitted for the purpose.—Will no one of high influence venture on the initiative step?

THE STRANGER AND THE GIPSY GIRL.

AN ANECDOTE OF WINDSOR FOREST.

A LARGE party of gentlemen were hunting in Windsor Forest. The chase had continued for many long hours, but the gallant stag had, at last, outstripped his pursuers, and got safe away. The hounds and the horses were almost tired out, and several of the hunters slackened their speed, and rode on quietly beneath the outspread branches of the forest oaks, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, and the cool and pleasant shade; while others, still eager for the chase, galloped off in various directions, in the hope of finding the stag.

It happened that one of the hunters, who had been wandering on in thoughtful silence, supposing that his companions were following close behind him, suddenly discovered that he was alone. He looked round on every side, but saw no one; and, when he shouted loudly, no one answered him. Though he did not remember to have been in that part of the forest before, and had certainly lost his way, he thought that he could have little difficulty in finding it again. He accordingly pushed forward, in what seemed to him the right direction, but was again stopped, by finding a little girl alone and weeping, in the midst of

the wide forest. Notwithstanding her mean and tattered dress, her whole appearance was striking and uncommon. Her slight limbs were finely shaped, yet brown as those of an Indian girl; and her long hair fell about her neck and face, in a hundred little spiral curls, as black and shining as the plumage of the raven. The poor little thing seemed to be very unhappy, indeed; for she was crying as if nothing remained in the world to give her pleasure; and though the sun was shining brightly in the fair blue sky above her, and the sweet air was kissing her dimpled cheeks, and playing in the light curls of her hair—though flowers, which she loved at other times, were growing all over the green grass at her feet—and though she herself was often the gayest and wildest in her light-hearted glee—yet now, neither the sunshine, nor the sweet air, nor the flowers, had any charm for her. The gentleman spoke very kindly to her; but she heard him not, and did not cease from weeping. He rode close up to her, and spoke still more kindly and softly; and then, fearing that the little girl was frightened by his tall, noble horse coming too close to her—for she drew back quickly—he dismounted, and holding his horse by the rein, went up again to the poor little girl to find out what made her so very miserable, and if possible, to comfort her. He was a kind and tender father himself, and well used to the troubles of little children; he had a pleasant, affectionate way with him, and, though he spoke rapidly, his words and tone were very gentle.

“Take your hands from your face, my good little girl,”

he said, "and listen to me; you cannot hear me while you go on crying so. Tell me what's the matter, and what I can do for you. Why are you alone, all alone, in this wild, lonely place? Where is your mother and father?"

The little girl had left off weeping so violently, when she heard the gentleman speak so kindly to her; and, though she had not taken her hands from before her face, she had removed, first one, and then another, of her little fingers, and peeped out with her bright black eyes upon his benevolent face; and, though her little bosom still heaved with agitation, and short quick sighs had succeeded to her unrestrained weeping, she had listened with attention to what he said. But at the mention of her parents, her grief burst out afresh, and she sobbed aloud, as one who refuses to be comforted.

"I have no father, and no mother," she said, at last—"they are both dead; but I do not cry about them. I have a dear grandmother, better to me than a mother, and she is dying too—she is going away from her poor Anny, and I shall never, never see her more!"

The gentleman felt very sorry for the little girl, when he learned the cause of her sorrow; and he desired her to tell him where her grandmother was, and said that he would be kind to her, and do all in his power to make her well, and to comfort her.

"Grandmother is here," said the child—"I mean she is close by;" and, without saying more, she led the way, as if she expected the gentleman to follow her. He did follow her. After tying up his horse to a tree, he followed the

steps of the little girl, who, every now and then, looked back to him, with a face full of thankfulness.

They had not gone more than twenty yards, when they entered a little open space, or glade, among the trees ; at the further end of which, under a thick and spreading hawthorn, the gentleman beheld a low, wide tent. A girl, some years older than his young acquaintance, was kneeling, busily employed in breaking sticks, and thrusting them into the fire, that had been lighted upon the turf, over which a large black pot was suspended from three cross sticks. The girl rose up when she saw the gentleman and her little sister approach : she also looked very sorrowful, and thanked the gentleman for coming to see her poor dying grandmother. She told him that they were gipsies, and that the rest of their party had left them for a few days, only an hour or two before her grandmother was taken with a fit. She and her sister scarcely knew what to do ; but, at last, their grandmother had come a little more to herself. She had not been able to leave her grandmother, but she had sent her little sister Anny twice to the town, to beg the doctor to come and see the poor sick woman. Yet she could not get anybody to come ; and now her grandmother was growing worse again, and had lost her speech.

The gentleman went up to the tent. Close to the entrance,—her miserable bed spread upon the bare ground—lay the poor old gipsy. Her face was turned towards the tent, and she was as motionless as one already dead, except that, now and then, she moved her dark and shrivelled hand backwards and forwards, feebly picking and pulling

at the coverlet, as dying persons often do. The gentleman stooped down, and spoke a few words to her, but the aged woman seemed not to hear him. However, his eye was attracted by a torn and dirty book, which lay open upon the pillow of the dying woman, and he had the curiosity to see what book it was.

“Ah, sir,” said the elder girl, “I believe there’s a deal of fine reading in that book ; and my grandmother set great store by it, torn and soiled as it is. While she could use her eyes, she used to be spelling it over and over again ; but now, she says, the letters are all dark and dim before her eyes ; she cannot see them. I wish Anny or I could read a word or two to her, but we have never had any learning.”

The gentleman said nothing, but, taking up the book from the pillow, he sat down on the green turf, close to the head of the dying woman. The book was the Bible. He chose some of those beautiful passages which are easy to be understood, and, at the same time, full of sweet comfort to the sinking and fearful heart.

It seemed as if the words of the Scriptures sounded more distinctly in the ears of the dying woman than any other words ; for she turned entirely round, and opened her dull eyes with a vacant stare : she endeavoured also to speak, but could only make a faint uncertain sound, in which no word could be distinguished. Then she drew her hands together, and clasped them as if in prayer ; taking that way, it seemed, to show that she was quite sensible to hear and understand what was read to her ;—and the young girls

drew near, and kneeled down quietly beside the bed, listening also to the sacred words of life, and feeling a sort of happiness in their sorrow, as they looked upon their beloved parent, now as calm as a sleeping infant—except that tears stole down her hollow cheeks; but any one might see that they were tears of joy, for all the while a smile was on her lips.

Suddenly the sound of trampling horses was heard, and in the next moment several horsemen came riding through the wood; one of whom galloped up almost to the tent, when seeing the gentleman there, he instantly dismounted, and taking off his hat, stood before the tent without speaking a word, for the gentleman had looked round as he heard him approach, and motioned with his hand that he must not be disturbed. Before, however, he had closed the book, many other horsemen rode up, with looks of alarm on their faces, for they brought with them the gentleman's horse that had broken loose from the tree to which he tied it; and they said they feared to find he had met with some accident or other.

The gentleman only smiled, and spoke very fast; assuring his friends that he was quite well, and, going up to his horse, patted him, and led him farther away from the tent to mount him again. The two girls had looked and listened with astonishment, while all this was going on; but when the younger of them saw that the kind gentleman was about to remount his horse, she feared that he would go away without saying anything more to herself, or her sister, or her poor dying grandmother; and she sprang forward and caught

his hand, and said in a low timid voice, looking full in his face as she spoke,—“Don't go away, kind gentleman, don't leave us yet—we shall all be very sorry when you are gone.”

Before the gentleman could make any reply,—nay, before the little girl had finished speaking, one of the gentlemen took the little girl by the arm rather roughly, and said, “Go away, child, you are very bold to take these liberties with his majesty.”

The little girl knew not what ‘His Majesty’ meant; but if she had known, she need not have been much alarmed, for her kind friend smiled and nodded to the other gentleman and said, “No, no, let her alone, she is not a bold little girl; we understand one another, and are very good friends—are we not, dear little child?”

Anny blushed with pleasure and gratitude, and turned a sidelong glance from her soft eyes upon the other gentleman, as much as to say, “You see I was not wrong to take his hand, for he is very kind.”

The elder sister, however, knew what was the meaning of the words which had no power to awe her little Anny; and she came up to her sister, blushing deeply, and looking very shamefaced,—and said in a loud whisper, “Anny, Anny, you must not be so free with him. It's the King.”

The little girl started, and then seemed to consider within herself, withdrawing, almost unconsciously, her small hand; and then, without raising her face, she ventured to turn one awe-struck look at him to whom she had spoken so familiarly. “Yes, yes, dear little child,” he said, “it is the King; but the King is your friend, quite as much your

friend as the gentleman who found you crying just now, and did all he could to comfort you. And the King has a great deal of power; and though he cannot raise your grandmother from her dying bed—for only the King of kings,” he took off his hat as he spoke,—“only the King of kings, the Lord of whom we have been reading, is able to do such great things; still, your friend, the King, will do all in his power to help you. He will send a doctor to see your poor grandmother as soon as possible, and she shall want for nothing we can get her. Good-by, little girl, good-by. The doctor will soon be here; and remember, I shall take care of you and your sister, when your dear grandmother is in heaven.”



NAPLES.

THE ROMANCE OF MADDALENA.

*“Ricchezza non cerchiam nè più ventura
Se non be' fiori, e facciam grillandelle.”*

ANGELO POLIZIANO.

THE festas of the south of Italy are remnants of ancient paganism, mixed up with the ceremonies and superstitions of the Romish church. The Madonna is summoned under her various titles to occupy the places of the mythological gods and goddesses. Those who are fortunate enough to witness a merry band returning from the Festa of the Madonna del Arco, their heads fantastically dressed with leaves and flowers, carrying rods and standards in their hands, blowing the shepherd's pipe and reeds, sounding the conch shell, or other rude instruments of music, will at once call to mind the Bacchanalian processions, such as they are represented in the Greek marbles and bassi relievi. Yet this festa, though so closely resembling ancient customs, is not a feast of much antiquity. The miraculous powers of Our Lady of the Arch have not been established above two hundred years. The marvel was first manifested at a game of quoits: one of the losing players lifted his hand against her in revenge for his disappointed prayers; he threw his quoit at her head, from which immediately flowed a stream

of blood. The culprit was hanged upon the next tree; and the portrait, that till then was deemed worthy but to surmount an ordinary arch by the wayside, was immediately enclosed within a chapel of curious workmanship, which has grown by degrees into a large and magnificent church. A convent is built, a society of monks established to maintain the lady's dignity; and multitudes crowd daily to her shrine to get cured of every evil incidental to humanity.

The Madonna del Arco is a universal benefactress. Some saints take the eyes of the human race under their protection; others befriend the limbs; some encourage sailors and fishermen; others patronise soldiers; and there is one (I forget her name) who limits her good deeds to giving people lucky numbers in the lottery: but Our Lady of the Arch is good at everything! She cures the blind and the lame; she makes the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. As for diseases, nothing baffles her healing power: from a chilblain on a child's foot to a confirmed leprosy, she is infallible!

That a personage of such miraculous powers should have a feast of no ordinary character, and that thousands and tens of thousands should annually present themselves at her shrine to do her homage, may be expected from the enthusiastic gratitude of her votaries. But she exacts from those benefited by her bounty a severe and degrading penance, no less than that of literally "licking the dust" from the door to the altar of the church. Thirty or forty persons, of all sexes, ages, and conditions, will engage together in this humiliating task. It is at once interesting and dis-

gusting to stand by and observe the penitents arrive at their destination, crawling along on their hands and knees, screaming forth their importunate supplications, which are rendered almost inarticulate by the swollen and inflamed state of their tongues and throats; their faces hideously masked by dirt and dust. But this is one side of the picture; all the realities of life have two: the gloomy-minded dwell in the shade; the gay-hearted bask in the bright sunshine.

The young life of Maddalena had been a mingling where

“Fable and Truth had shed—in rivalry—
Each her peculiar influence.”

The wildest fable, when heard from her lips, became holy as truth unto the hearer; and the sweet girl believed in all and every superstition of her beautiful country with so deep and earnest a sincerity, that it was difficult to decide which ought to be admired most, her simplicity or her devotion.

“I want to consult you, good Bianca,” said Maddalena, to an old and withered woman, who might have been painted with perfect propriety as the famed witch of the Grotto of Posilipo; “I want to consult you as to which of the blessed saints you would recommend me to make an offering this month.”

“Sit you down; nay, not now in the open air,” replied the crone; “but within—within. Here, I’ll find you a seat: and yet all is in such disorder, that I doubt not but Monacello has been playing his pranks—eating my Indian corn, and feasting on my dried fruits!”

Maddalena followed the woman of wisdom into her den; yet, leaving with regret the sweet fresh air. It was the early hour of morning: the lark was singing at such a distance from earth, that she could not trace his flight; so that his music came as from the sky; the butterfly was basking in the early sunshine; from the valley she had quitted, the matin-bell of prayer came slowly and sweetly, tuning the heart to good and gentle thoughts; the blessing of the morning beamed on everything, and the maiden's heart beat a responsive answer to all things lovely on earth, or bright in heaven.

Bianca continued grumbling within her dwelling, until Maddalena, tired of waiting, said, "Shall I come to you to-morrow, good madre? you seem ill at ease to-day."

"Now, the holy Queen of Heaven forbid! my child, that you should stir abroad to-morrow on such an errand," she replied. "Have you forgotten that to-morrow will be exactly twelve months since the Madonna delle Grazie shook her head; and it behooves all good Catholics to fast and pray till sunset?"

"I had forgotten," said Maddalena, mildly, crossing herself at the same moment.

"It is fitting to remember it. I heard it whispered last night, that the blessed beard of the Crucifix of the Carmine had ceased to grow as fast as usual. The saints look down upon us! Poor and miserable that I am, I have, nevertheless, vowed two wheaten loaves, and four wax candles, to San Gennaro, that troubles may be averted."

"Would you recommend that I offer my gift to San Gennaro?" inquired Maddalena.

“What is it you want?” asked Bianca, sharply. “I do not know what our young maidens can want; they supplicate the saints for worldly goods, and thus rob the poor, whose votive gifts sink into nothing before their gold and gems. Your gran’mamma is well?”

“Quite well. I vowed a vow to the holy Santa Lucia, and her sight is wonderfully strengthened. She does but bathe her eyes with cold spring-water: so it is the blessed saint’s great goodness.”

“Your little brother?”

“Antonio, thank you, Bianca, is well, indeed. He has been dedicated since his birth to the saint whose name he bears; and the patron has cared for him as the dove cares for her young.”

“Is’t for yourself, then?”

“No, good madre, no.”

“What then?—speak out! Nay, never blush, Maddalena,—unless that, wilful and wild, you seek to importune the saints, that some of our court signors may look on you with love.”

The young Neapolitan sprang from her seat; and, by the violence of her movement, overturned more *roba* than Monacello, sprite though he be, could have destroyed in a whole week. “Bianca,” she exclaimed, while her bright eyes sparkled, “you knew my mother: a more discreet or a more virtuous matron smiled not in the kingdom of Naples! You call my grandame friend; you have carried me, a little babe, Bianca, often in your arms; I have grown beneath your eye; for, from your garden, you can see all—all that passes in our valley. When, taking Antonio by the hand,

I go to Naples to sell our fruits and flowers—look!” she drew the old woman to the door, and pointed as she spoke, “there is the path, you trace it to the very city; not a grove but is beneath your gaze; not a citron, cedar, or pine, but you can note; the fallen monument casts no shadow seen from this height. You sit here the day long, and well I know scan all that passes with the sharp look of secret-loving age;—have you (I call upon you solemnly) ever observed me laughing or jesting, like my neighbour-girls, with any of our youths—have you?”

“Why, what a rage for nothing!” interrupted the old woman. “What a fever! Santa Maria, but the girl is mad!”

“No, no, Bianca, I am not mad. When the great signors buy my flowers, and fain would compliment my beauty, I turn away and weep.”

“The more fool you,” said the crone; “’twill spoil your eyes!”

“Eyes!” she exclaimed, passionately, “what care I for eyes, when they have not what they so love to look upon! I tell you what, Bianca,”—she added, after a long pause, during which she had regained her calmness, while the old woman stared in astonishment, that one so proverbially cold and gentle as Maddalena should rouse at such a trifling taunt,—“I tell you what, you have no wisdom that I care for; I will straight pray myself to the great Queen of Heaven, and she will listen to my prayer, and direct my course.”

And so saying, without waiting a reply, or casting a look

upon the offended Bianca, Maddalena turned on her path to the valley. How enraged Bianca remained—how severely the pretty maiden was lectured by her grandmother, for provoking the enmity of one to whom was ascribed the knowledge and power of spells—how, as time passed, Maddalena refused many and many a youth of superior fortunes to her own—how, though in the sunny south, at seventeen the beauty of the Vomero remained unmarried—how it was rumoured, that she had vowed a vow to the omnipotent Madonna del Arco, though no one exactly knew to what purpose:—how all this, and more occurred, I have not leisure now to tell;—though it is necessary to bear in mind, that many of her companions were beginning to look upon her as a confirmed old maid; and Bianca herself lost no opportunity of impressing upon the minds of all the girls of the neighbouring villages, that they who angered her would go husbandless to their graves, and that Maddalena would certainly lead the way.

Maddalena (as the feast of Pentecost approached) might have been frequently observed climbing one of the glorious promontories that overlook the Bay of Naples,—each presenting a prospect changing in naught but beauty. Their beauty, though, was lost on her. Not but that the fascination of the scene wrapped her sweet soul as with a charmed mantle. She *felt* the clearness of the air, the softened freshness of the ocean breeze; she knew the sky was bright, the atmosphere delicious, though she had never thought what it was to define their several qualities; and tears would gush to her eyes, and her hands clasp, without her knowledge,

THE ROMANCE OF MADDALENA.

when a fresh sail of a peculiar form anchored within the bay. Ay, so it was. The playmate of her childhood, the boy she had loved, when the soft lips of infancy pressed one against the other, he, but some two years older than herself, disdaining all the lazy ease of lazy youth in Naples, had gone to sea to work himself a fortune, and had sworn, if ever he returned, to wed but her, the companion of his childhood; that "ever" was the word, the leaden word, which pressed so heavily upon her soul—"ever return!" What a vastness is in that one word "ever!" When first he went, she prattled much of Marco, his name mixed with her pastime, and often she herself would call him "little husband:" but, as months passed, leading the child to girlhood, and the girl on to the woman, her lips became quite silent on a theme, of which her fond heart discoursed with an increasing eloquence; and yet they heard not from him. No tidings came, nor word, nor letter. At last even his mother ceased to think she had a son at sea. Maddalena laboured at her duties, if that could be termed labour, which seemed a work of love; her brow was not called sorrowful, though it was grave and steadfast; and never did she climb the cliffs, without a dancing hope within her eyes, which might have brightened up the cave of dark despair.

What a rich volume of beautiful romance was that girl's mind! Her industry in her small household—her purity of life—her fervent religion—her faithfulness—her unshaken hope! for when the sun would sink, and she could see no longer, she would but murmur, "Santissima Madonna! shall he not come to-morrow?"

The feast of Pentecost had arrived ; hundreds of pilgrims were on the way to their patroness ; the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb ;—the air resounded, as the morning opened, with music from the shepherds' pipes, with the wild hallooing of many ; while others, far more fortunate, had secured to themselves shells and conchs, of various qualities, under the belief that the greater the noise the more acceptable would be their devotion. The road from Naples to the Convent Chapel, which is nearly at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, was crowded with devotees, all filled with gratitude to the holy Lady who had granted their requests.

There trooped a group of seven little girls, bearing baskets of fruit and flowers ; they had prayed the Madonna to restore health to their grandmother ; returning health had blessed the aged dame, and they were about to lay their gifts upon the altar. They had quitted their cottage, a long way at the other side of Naples, before sunrise, so that they might be at early dawn in the presence of their benefactress, and spend a long day of happiness at the holy place. Then came a sort of festal car, filled with pictures and draperies, offerings of rare value, from some rich pilgrims, who proved their gratitude by gifts of worldly wealth. Men, who had been lame, were mingled with the crowd, carrying their crutches gaily, on their shoulders, singing their national songs, and proving, by the energy of their movements, the miraculous power of their Madonna. The neighbouring villages, too, were all in preparation ; baskets, and rods, and conchs, and pipes, and standards, and holiday finery. Never (it was asserted by old Bianca) had the Madonna the prospect of so fine a Festa.

But where is Maddalena?—had she climbed the cliffs that morning?—had she looked out upon the waters for his return? No, no; *he had returned*; at the cool hour of midnight he had landed. The same truth had inspired both hearts; his hand sought, ere the break of the Festal morn, her lattice window—the window they had sat beneath when children, shaded from the sun by the clustering vine. He whispered, “Maddalena! mia cara Maddalena!” It was enough: she sank on her knees before the picture of her Madonna; and, while kneeling, her hand unloosed the door. The romance of Maddalena has become reality. The sun had scarcely risen, when the grateful maiden was seen, accompanied by her brother, assisting her to carry her votive offerings to the shrine of the blessed Lady of the Arch, who had granted her prayer, and sent her lover safe, and true of heart, back to his early choice. How full of happiness she looked on her return, bearing in triumph the picture of her patroness! Her hair was decked by vine leaves, mingled with strings of hazel-nuts, peeled by her taper fingers; and well they looked, so white and pearl-like, circling the braidings of her raven hair! God’s benison be with her!

There was a bridal ere the month was out; and she, the bride, would call no intercessor to her aid, other than her whom, in her simplicity, she thinks restored the honest seaman to her heart and home.

W O M A N .

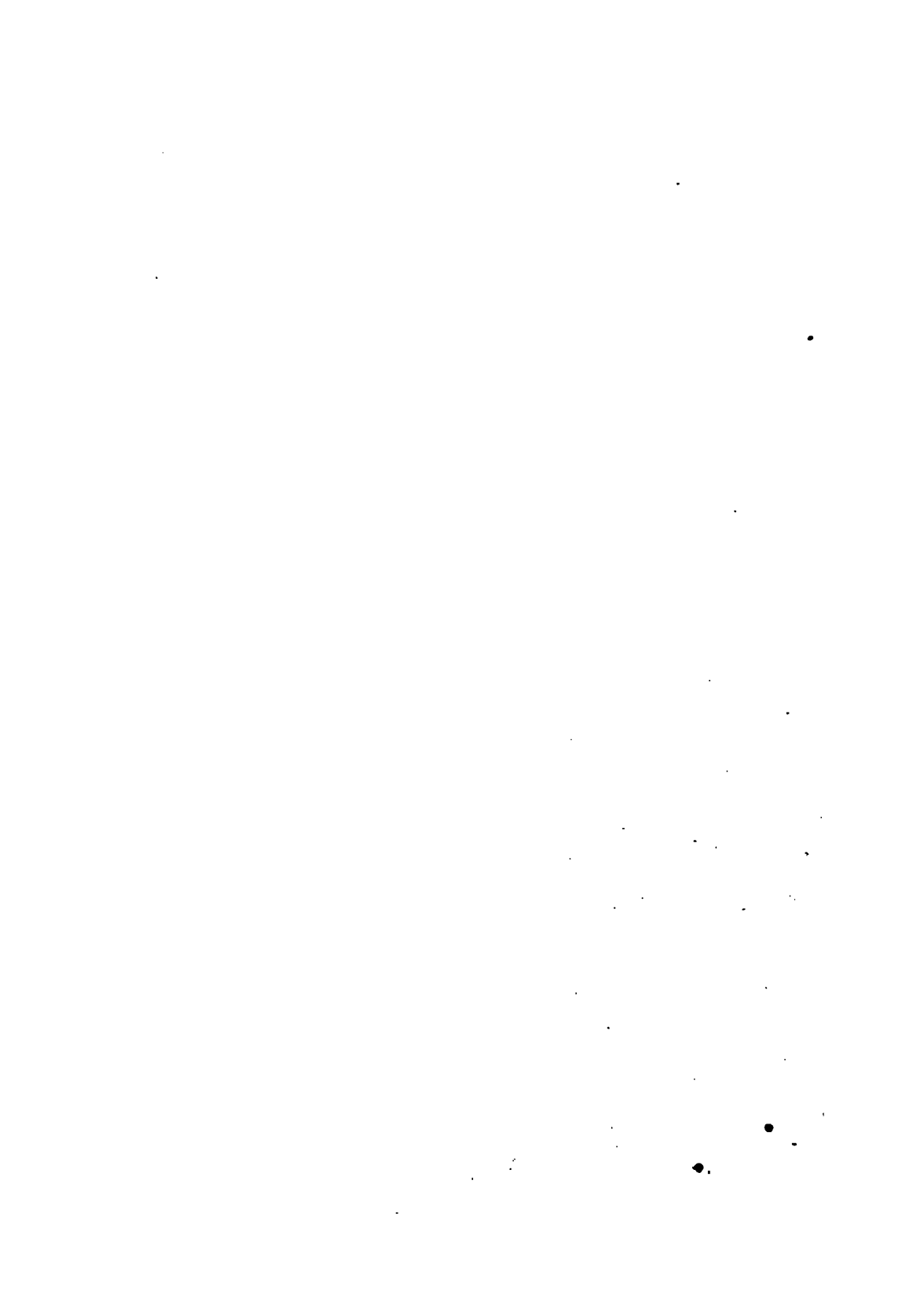
A S O N G .

BE gentle with Woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs !
Oh, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain !
Oh, touch not so tender a heart with pain !

What, Woman,—the treasure, the gem, the flower ?
The star that is bright in the wildest hour ?
The bird that comes singing to our stern breast ?
Ah ! should we not teach it to love its nest ?

Come on ! let us vow that they all are fair :
Let's shout of their virtues to earth and air !
Let's soothe them, and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darker day !

Oh, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and coarser mould ;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the Spirit that calmeth and crowneth life !



you go to the high-school, you will learn the purpose of all this seemingly useless labour, bestowed upon the wearisome "rudiments," as Dominie calls them;—and we, when we rise to *the upper form*, will no doubt be enlightened as to the reason why we have, in this world, so much imposed upon us in which we see neither justice nor definite object; and why Providence will not indulge us in the very reasonable privilege of *running after the soldiers*. Trudge along, my man; I wish I were as well off as you are; for, in my "single blessedness," I have no little sis or other gentle companion, to look up in my face and cry, when I am unreasonably unhappy. But, as *my* school-bell is ringing, and as there is no roll of the drum sounding in my ears just now, I'll e'en twitch up *my* satchel, too, and be off to *my* tasks.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

A SOLILOQUY OF THE DYING.

I STAND upon the sod must lie on me
Ere yon red rose in odour shall expire ;
I think upon the time that soon must be,
When my rapt soul shall breathe her native fire :

I muse o'er my new kindred of the tomb,
Brothers and sisters I must shortly know ;
Few, few, and fleet, the hours, ere I become
One of the pale society below.

Another sabbath, and this sacred tower
Shall in deep words have tolled—his course is done !
Another moon shall look into my bower,
And, weeping lucid tears, say—he is gone !

Gone ! where the proud are lowly as the meek,
The simple ones as subtle as the sage ;
Gone ! where the strong are feeble as the weak,
Rank has no right, and Power no privilege.

Where Wealth is stript as bare as wretchedness,
And Tyranny is fettered like his slave,
Where Beauty weeps her strange unloveliness,
And Eloquence is dumb, and Folly grave.

Six foot of common, caitiff-making earth,
Often much less and very seldom more,
Encompasses within its narrow girth
Him whom a world could scarce contain before !

Close by the foot of this gray abbey wall,
Where leans the buttress and is leant upon,
(Like old companions, fearing both to fall,
Each with his shoulder props the other one):

Here have I chose my final bed of rest,
Tranquil and shel'try ! ivy-overgrown !
With a green pall to spread upon my breast—
This is the spot I've fixed on as my own !

The dewy-throated nightingale sings here
Till midnight blends complexions with the morn ;
And Robin, in his crimson stomacher,
Sits challenging the woods on yonder thorn.

Circling around, the turret-swallow stoops
With sweet weak whistle to salute her young ;
Here, from their evening feast, the crows in troops
Come with hoarse music heavily along.

Now that her dusky robe the night unfolds,
Thro' its light gauze wanders the aimless fly ;
Homeward the bee her steady voyage holds,
The stumbling beetle booms him headlong by.

Now from beneath the ivy-woven cowl,
That wraps the head of each tall pinnacle,
With solemn whirr comes forth the moody owl,
And flickering bat who loves the gloom as well.

How calm ! how still !—Nor is the glare of day
Less sobered by the shadow of the pile ;
It seems to frown the sun's rude light away,
And tempers e'en the moon's most pallid smile.

Sweet village church ! remote from village strife—
Yet still to home and heart's affection near :
If here so peaceful be the dream of life,
How peaceful must the sleep of death be here !

O ! let the proud, the wealthy, and the great,
Where huge cathedrals ope the venal choir,
Beneath their vain mausolea lie in state—
Give me a grave beneath the village spire !

THE DEEV ALFAKIR.

A PERSIAN FICTION.

IN the vine-surrounded city of Shiraz, under the reign of Otman, dwelt Sadak, surnamed Al Hahjim, or the Philosopher. He lived in almost uninterrupted solitude: his dwelling, though not splendid, was elegant, and his household consisted of a few slaves, who regarded their master with fidelity and affection. Sadak had few friends, and no acquaintances; but he had many well-wishers in those to whom he had done good. He was rich, noble, learned, benevolent, and—unhappy.

The day was closing, and the rich autumnal beams gilded the pomegranates that flourished in Sadak's orchard, and the mournful cypresses that surrounded it. The heat of the day had been great, and the air was fraught with a dull and heavy languor. The philosopher was seated at a favourite window reading, to catch the cool fragrance of the air. He had undrawn the exquisitely woven curtains of peach-coloured silk. His limbs reposed on a divan of downy softness; the most delightful sherbet sparkled in crystal vases; and a thousand flowers of every hue expanded their blossoms and diffused their fragrance around him. Sadak raised his head, and cast a glance on the luxuriant scene,

but withdrew it with discontent and disgust. He recurred to his studies:—in a few moments he pushed away the beautiful manuscript.

“Idle philosophy!” he exclaimed, “able only to denote what is good, but powerless in teaching to attain it; useless to the happy, and to the wretched worse than useless, a mockery and a pain. Oh, happiness! phoenix of life, believed in but not found. I abandon the search, and ask but for forgetfulness.”

He turned away as he spoke, and hastened to his most retired apartment. Here, by the light of lamps fed with the purest frankincense of Shir, and veiled with the spider-like webs of the Indian loom, he sat melancholy and buried in reverie.

He listened to the breezes, that now began to arise; as they rustled among the pliant branches of the cypresses, and swayed the lofty heads of the date-palms. “Why is it,” said he, “that all external nature changes from rest to motion, and from motion again to rest, while thy mind, Sadak, abides from sun to sun in unvaried and monotonous sadness? What avail the varying seasons, the rejoicing spring, and the abundant summer to me, whose life is one long and dreary winter?”

Scarcely had he spoken, when the wind stayed, and the trees no longer rustled. They ceased not gradually, softening away into calmness; but at once, as if arrested by some magician’s hand. A strange silence came on. The mellow song of the late birds was hushed. The loud humming bees and buzzing flies were still. The atmosphere was un-

accountably oppressed, and nature seemed to stand in awe of some approaching phenomenon.

Sadak sprung on his feet. His restless mind had busied itself in wide researches into the secrets of nature; and he knew much of the occult powers of the universe, though he had holden no communion with them. A dim expectation was on his mind: it was fulfilled when the ceiling of the apartment divided, and the Deev Alfakir stood before him. He stood in the gloomy beauty of majesty degraded and obscured. The earthly lights that illuminated the place were extinguished on his entrance; a dull glow emitted from his body supplied their place, and filled the room with its lurid glare.

“Sadak,” said the Deev, “thou wouldst have forgetfulness—of what? and why?”

“Of the falsehood of woman, and the treachery of man. Why! because I have suffered by them, and suffer yet.”

“I must know more,” returned the Deev, “ere I grant the boon thou wouldst win. Speak out; make known thy sufferings.”

“I will not,” replied Sadak; “why should I rend open the veil for thee, enemy of my race and of me? why comest thou hither? say quickly, and depart.”

“Rash mortal!” answered Alfakir, “I am not thine enemy, but thy friend. Bethink thee ere I go. I have the power to serve thee, and the will.”

“The power thou mayst; the will—when did a Deev will well to man?”

“Foolish Sadak, ask rather, when did man will well to

himself? The friend that betrayed thee had not done so but for thy blindness, that would madly trust when temptation was beyond the power of man to resist. The woman that was loved, and was false, deceived thee, because thy confidence was blind, weak, absurd; loathsome from its imbecility, even in the eyes of its object. Thou wonderest that I, thine enemy, should wish thee well; but not that thyself should have laboured to work to thyself evil."

"Enough!" said Sadak; "thou recallest too much; but teach me, if thou canst, to forget."

"Listen, then," replied the Deev. "Far away, in the midst of the ocean, beyond the points where ship has ever sailed, is an island girt with impassable barriers. This island was the dowry of a princess of our race; it holds treasures, to which the riches of the East are but as the dust in a silken purse. Here dwell the rulers of the elements; here are hidden the essences of life; here flow the waters of oblivion."

"Give me," exclaimed Sadak, "give me of these waters, that I may drink and be at peace."

"At peace, surely," answered the Deev; "but who would have of these waters must seek them."

"Seek them! and where? in thine unapproachable island? I should gain much by my quest."

"Thus hastily judge the children of ignorance and folly. Trust to me, and the way shall be easy. Seek at thy leisure the nearest port of the southern ocean. Thou shalt there learn more, and be brought to the object of thy search.

Swear to do this. I promise thee the waters of oblivion shall be thine."

"I swear," said Sadak.

"Farewell, then," said the Deev. He spread his broad and shadowy wings—the roof opened for his passage. It closed after him; and the lamps, self-lighted, burned brightly as before. Sadak heard the rustling of the trees, and the prolonged notes of the nightingale fell mournfully on his ear.

He lost no time in preparing for his journey; and, placing his household under the superintendence of a man of rank and probity, who was his friend, he departed, crossed the Lauristan Mountains, and arrived at Nabon, on the Persian Gulf. Here, while rambling on the shore, meditating whither next to convey himself, his attention was aroused by the approach of a boat. It contained no one, but, self-guided, steered its course in a direct line to the spot where Sadak had stood still to watch it. What was he to do? to trust himself to such a vessel, for such a voyage, seemed madness. Yet the power that guided the boat in an unerring line to that spot might equally guard its course across the ocean. Sadak examined the boat; it was beautifully fitted up. A silken awning was suspended over a luxurious couch, and a plentiful supply of provision occupied a sheltered part of the vessel. On the couch was written, in letters of gold: "For Sadak, the searcher for the waters of oblivion."

He no longer hesitated, but seated himself in the boat, which instantly sailed away, as before, in a straight line,

unmoved by wind or wave. It proceeded with great rapidity, and, passing the Straits of Ormuz, emerged into the Arabian Sea. The shores of Arabia and of Hindostan speedily vanished from the eyes of the voyager. The sky was above, and the sea around him; land there was none. He was on the vast plain of the Indian Ocean.

Three days and three nights his course continued thus, during which no storm arose, no cloud dimmed the surface of the sky. On the fourth day Sadak discerned, afar off, a dim gray speck on the surface of the waters. It came to his strained and wearied eye refreshing as the cool springs to the traveller of the desert.

To this object the course of the boat was plainly directed; and Sadak perceived that he was carried along with still increased velocity. As he approached, he gazed earnestly on the island, for such he perceived it to be; and was terrified.

It seemed a vast rock, the sides of which, springing from the bosom of the waters, slanted outwardly to a great distance, veiling the waters beneath them in an impervious gloom; clothed in which the unseen waves thundered and boiled with unceasing roar. The heart of the wanderer sickened, for escape seemed impossible. Here he must close his voyage and his life, in the conflicting waters of that angry sea.

The boat shot under the black and rugged sides of the overhanging precipice. Instead of being suddenly overwhelmed in the circling waters, or dashed against the rock, Sadak perceived that he was carried along softly as before.

He heard the din on either side, till his hearing was nigh extinct ; but his own course, though rapid, was smooth and uninterrupted. The gloom by which he was surrounded the eye could not penetrate ; but it appeared to Sadak, that the darkness was peopled with forms that flitted around him, and he thought he heard their laughs rising amid the roar of the waters : now and then, too, a gleam of red light shot from fissures in the rock, but without dissolving the darkness into which it pierced, and serving only to render the horror more hideous.

At length, and in a moment, the darkness was changed to extreme light. Issuing from the cavern, the boat rushed into a torrent more violent and fearful than the imagination can conceive. Sadak instinctively closed his eyes with terror when their gaze fell on the edge of a precipice, over which the stream threw the mass of its waters, that fell, and fell, till they broke in mists and thunder in the gulf below ; but the vessel, instead of being hurried away by the torrent, sailed calmly across its waters, till it reached the opposite bank. Sadak leapt ashore, and gazed on the scene around him.

First he looked with astonishment on the rocky barrier that surrounded the place, and from beneath which he had emerged. This, rough and jagged with immense indentations, rose, cliff upon cliff, in dizzy grandeur, till the cloud-vested heights of Kaf seemed to lose in the comparison. Dim caverns pierced its base, whence issued the elements in their strength. Volumes of murky and sulphureous flame were vomited forth by some ; torrents issued from others ;

and in some Sadak believed he heard the roaring of imprisoned winds. The midway rocks were bare and black; their summits were the dwellings of the tempest and the storm. The thunder rolled there as in its own regions, and the lightnings vainly shot their fires against rocks coeval with the heavens.

Sadak turned away to explore some other portion of the island. He stood at the bottom of a declivity; he ascended with labour to its top:—what a sight met his eyes! All human splendour faded into nothingness by the side of the magnificence that met his view.

Before him were the marble palaces of the Deevs, built before their conquest by Sultan Soliman. Vast as magnificent, they covered hills, one beyond another, rising till lost in distance.

The face of external nature was changed: trees of freshest foliage clustered into spreading screens, excluding from view the barren and terrific region Sadak had just left; soft verdure covered the ground, and perfumes of the sweetest flowers gushed before every step.

Sadak entered the eternal dwellings—dwellings now no more, for they were desolate and uninhabited. As he roamed through halls paved with purest marble, beneath roofs of fretted gold supported by pillars of porphyry and adamant, Sadak sighed to think, that all this goodly show should be lost to its banished fabricators. He looked around, and his eye fell on chests of marble sealed with the signet of the conqueror. Here, century after century, pined the imprisoned Deevs, while nature was changing in

successive ages, and the world was fading and reviving again in endless transformation.

Leaving these palaces, and rambling still further, he arrived at another desolate region, resembling the first in which he had been placed. The same lofty rocks, the same barren soil, and the same display of elemental violence were there; but in the midst of the place a capacious lake expanded its coal-black waters, till, overflowing their natural basin, they fell down the precipices in rushing torrents. A dim cloud of exhalations arose on the margin of the lake; the sunbeams withdrew from its surface, on which the volcanic fires shot a wavering and murky gleam: Sadak felt, that these were the waters of oblivion.

He stood on the brink of the wished-for flood, yet hesitated to drink. While he deliberated, the noxious vapours mingled with his breathing: at once overcome by their influence, he staggered, reeled, and fell. From the state of senselessness he passed into one of uneasy sleep, disturbed by a thousand painful visions. The calamities of the past—the faithless friend—the selfish mistress, rose before him. He awoke from his slumbers, calling aloud on death to free him from the pangs of memory. As he opened his eyes, he found, to his horror, he was hanging over the edge of a rocky shelf, that overlooked a fearful chasm. With all the energy of self-preservation, he sprung from his situation, and regained a place of safety.

Under the influence of the gloom that oppressed him, he again approached the lake. What a moment was this! to drink of these waters, and lose for ever the world of the

past!—Sadak trembled, and a cold shuddering pervaded his frame. He felt how dear is the memory even of sorrow that has been; how desolate without it must be the dreary future, until future things have gone by, and in fading created a new past for the mind to recall and dwell on. As these thoughts passed over his mind, he began to loathe the black and deadly flood that lay before him: he turned hastily away, and beheld the Deev Alfakir.

“Welcome, Sadak!” he exclaimed; “welcome to all thou hast wished! Forgetfulness is thine—forgetfulness of misery and disappointment. There flow the waters of oblivion: drink, then, and be blessed!”

“I have thought anew of it,” replied Sadak, “and hate the selfish and coward draught.”

“Fool!” said the Deev, “ever changing and uncertain! But now didst thou call for death, yet fleddest to behold him near, as the sparrow from the eagle. Bethink thee, that, hereafter, thou wilt wish, and in vain, for these happy waters: the evils of thy life shall haunt thy remembrance with bitterness unceasing. Then thou wilt long for oblivion; but mortal comes not twice here. Drink, then, and secure peace while it offers.”

Sadak paused—for a moment he wavered—it was but for a moment: “No!” he answered, “I will not drink! Thanks for thy offer and thy aid, though I will not avail myself of it. I will depart as I came.”

“Depart!” shouted the laughing Deev, “how and what? Thinkest thou the boat will bear thee back in safety, who hast mocked its master, and despised his gifts? Trifle

not!—Did I bring thee hither to return with the memory of what thou hast seen—to prate to clay things, like thyself, of the fallen splendour of our race?—Once more I bid thee drink.”

“I will not!” answered Sadak.

The Deev bent on him a look of darkness and of rage. His colossal figure shook with fury, as the mountain heaves and swells on the birth of the earthquake. Lightning blazed in his eyes, and his voice was nigh choked as he thundered once more “Drink!”

Sadak spoke not—moved not.

“Then perish!”

The Deev twisted his hand in his victim's hair, raised him from the ground, and hurled him far aloft into the air. He rose to a fearful height, then turned and fell. The waters of oblivion received him—they parted and closed again over Sadak for ever!



THE BLACK CAVE OF THE M'DONALDS.

A LEGEND OF EIG.

"Upon the blast of night a sound fell sad upon mine ear;
The voice of strife, the shriek of death, the clang of sword and spear."

AMONG the inhabitants of that cluster of islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides, are still current many romantic legends illustrative of feudal manners and vehement passions. These sequestered people still listen, with eager intensity, to the story of other days, and the blue eye of the young Highlander glistens with animation when he hears the elders of the land relate the tale of flood and field, and the wild commotion of other days, when all men recognised the good old plan, that

"He should take who had the power,
And he should keep who can."

Not long since, during an excursion to the western coast, I stopped on the little island of Eig. It is romantic, without being what is generally considered extremely picturesque; there are neither flowery dales nor waving forests, but there are objects more magnificent. The cataract and the mountain stream keep up a perpetual music, which

harmonizes well with the rugged scene, and the scream of the eagle from its eyry among the rocks, accords with a place where everything around is wildly magnificent. Adjoining Eig is another and a smaller island, of a more pastoral character; but the associations connected with it relate to anything rather than rustic tranquillity. Within it is shown a dark cave, the entrance to which is extremely narrow, affording ingress to not more than one person at a time. The interior, however, is capacious, and, according to the tradition of the islanders, superhuman sounds of wail and anguish are nightly to be heard issuing from its narrow aperture. A fair-haired mountaineer, who undertook to be my guide to this cavern, approached it with superstitious awe; and, as we rowed from the island, related to me the following legend:—

When a clan of the M'Donalds possessed Eig, this little island served as a kind of out-farm where the cattle were pastured during the summer months, and it was the business of the fair daughters of the M'Donalds to proceed thither for the purpose of milking the kine. One evening a joyous party had concluded this business of pastoral innocence, and were amusing themselves on the green sward with harmless, but boisterous mirth, when the sound of a pibroch was heard at some distance. Their shouts of laughter were instantly suspended, and they listened attentively.

“It is the young chieftain,” said Mary, “who has come with his *tail* in old Allan's boat to take us home,” and her eyes, bright and blue, glistened with animation as she spoke;

for Mary, the fairest of Eig's charming daughters, was beloved by the young M'Donald.

Her gay companions were of the same opinion, and, snatching up their milk-pails, they hastened towards the shore. They had not advanced far when the music sounded nearer to them, and, as they turned the angle of a projecting rock, their astonished eyes encountered, not the well-known plaid of the M'Donalds, but the dark tartan of the M'Leods. With a wild scream they dashed their vessels on the ground, and simultaneously fled; but, though terror lent them a momentary energy, their speed was unavailing; a dozen Highlanders quickly overtook them, and their chief soon held the affrighted Mary in his grasp.

"Unhand me, dark chief of M'Leod!" said she, as she disengaged herself from his hand; "methinks thee and the M'Donald seldom meet but on the brown moor foot to foot, and your hands seldom grasp each other save in the grasp of death. You once met on the broad heaths of Mornish"—

"True, maiden," interrupted M'Leod, "we did meet; but then thy chief, thy minion, was surrounded by his hundreds, and even then did I not bear thee, shrieking, from amidst their clashing steels, whose blue points drank my blood in torrents? Yes, I bore thee to the bright greensward, where, faint with loss of blood, and reeling with the deep, dark gashes on my brow, I sunk to the ground, and, when my dizzy senses awoke, thou wert gone;—the sea danced brightly on the prows that bore thee off, and I lay cold and stiffened in my gore. But now, girl, thou art my

own; thy chief is not here now; and were he here—heavens that he were!—he should not tear you from me.”

In the mean time the M'Donalds were congregated round the wassail bowl. Each grew more clamorous as the liquor circulated, and they had resolved on a predatory excursion to the main land, when Allan, the aged boatman, rushed into the place, exclaiming, “Death to the M'Leods!”

“Death to the M'Leods!” repeated the clansmen, starting to their feet, while every man had his hand on his claymore.

“Death to the M'Leods!” again exclaimed Allan, “they have seized upon the daughters of Eig”—

“Upon Mary?” interrupted the young chief; “speak, Allan, has Mary fallen into the power of M'Leod?”

“Even so,” was the reply. “Going, as I was wont, to the island to bring home the maidens, I heard cries of distress, and espied the dark tartan of the M'Leod”—

“Enough,” interrupted the chieftain, and, in a few minutes, the little strait between the islands was covered with the boats of the M'Donalds. The evening had not yet fallen, and the M'Leods had not quitted the island. When they saw their hereditary enemy advancing, their minstrel struck up their war-song, and fierce was the encounter which ensued. The M'Donalds, however, triumphed, and the chief of the M'Leods was among the slain.

Sweet was the meeting between children and parents when the valiant M'Donalds returned to Eig. But their rejoicing was interrupted by the appearance of a hostile fleet. The M'Leods, thirsting for revenge, had returned,

and long was the war which they waged against the chieftain of Eig. The M'Donalds made a brave resistance, but their courage could not support them against superior numbers. They contested with desperate bravery for possession of their native soil, and, when driven from Eig, they took refuge in the adjoining and dependent island. But even here they were not secure from the revengeful enmity of their enemies. The M'Leods prepared to pursue them to their last stronghold, and the M'Donalds being no longer in a condition to repel so formidable a force as they now brought against them, concealed themselves in the cave situate near the centre of the island. The place was unknown to the M'Leods, and, unable to discover it, they spread their sails, and pretended to quit the island.

The M'Donalds had suffered severely from privation, and when night had fallen they dismissed one of the party to make observations. He had hardly departed when the snow began to fall, and the marks of his footsteps on his return served to direct the enemy next morning to the place of retreat; for the departure of the M'Leods was only a feint to throw the M'Donalds off their guard.

When the enemy stood before the entrance to the cave, they gave a loud shout of exultation, and the unfortunate prisoners made a simultaneous rush towards the narrow aperture. The confusion which necessarily followed this movement created much inhuman merriment without, and when they demanded a parley, they were told the surrender of their chief was the only means by which they could hope for mercy. To this demand they gave a prompt and de-

cided negative, and the next moment a volume of dense smoke rushed into the cave. Again the chief was demanded, and again an indignant refusal was given. "Let my blood," said the M'Donald, "appease their wrath;" but his clan unanimously cried, "No, we can die together."

Again the burning fuel sent its smoke into the cave, and again the M'Donalds attempted to rush out, but the entrance was too small to give egress to more than one, and those who had the temerity to venture were quickly despatched by the claymores of the Gael. At first they did not experience any bad effect from the smoke, but, as it began to grow more dense, their breathing became somewhat difficult; they eagerly stooped their faces to the cooling earth, and found a momentary relief from this position, in consequence of the smoke ascending at first towards the roof. But this respite was short—the diminution of the vital air occasioned an incipient suffocation, to escape from which they rushed into the furthest corner, but the volume of smoke had already filled every aperture. It was then that the confidence of manhood and the control of intellect departed; a desperate madness took possession of them; the distinction of age and sex were forgotten in the general fury, and the wild frenzy of the moment rendered them indifferent to the ties of affection, and kindred, and clan. The lover thrust his mistress from before him, the son trampled upon his aged father, and even the mother released herself from the burden of her infant: the cry of anguish was dreadful and convulsive, but the M'Leods only laughed at the misery they occasioned; shouted, "We are revenged!"

and heaped additional fuel on the fire. Another volume of smoke served to thicken the vapour in the cave, and again the dreadful cry of expiring hundreds burst fearfully upon the ear. It did not, however, last long; it grew gradually fainter, and soon ceased altogether. Not one of the M'Donalds escaped with life, and the M'Leods had not virtue enough to blush for the dreadful deed.

Start not, my orphan-sister!—When thy soul—
Thy maiden soul—has passed the Rubicon
Of woman's God-wrought destiny, how tame
Will all these fancy-painted visions seem
Beside the rich realities revealed
By Hymen's torch! Am *I* not happy, girl,
Though to my heaven youth's fading memories come,
Like to Apollo's beam, when in the wave
He quenches the fierce lustre of his eye,
Which, through the purple curtains of his couch,
Still floods the fading earth with liquid gold?
Think'st thou I would exchange, for all the glare
Of the hot day, this calm—heart-soothing calm:—
The peaceful twilight of domestic bliss?
Sempronia, no! Woman was made to serve,
Not rule,—save by the gentle and unnoticed sway
That virtue and confiding truth exert:
Let her aim higher, and she stands unsexed.
The rock commands the cataract; yet the flood
By its untiring softness moulds the rock.
I've seen thy Dacian maid—a purchased slave—
By gentle kindness bend thee to her will;
And shall a free-born Roman lady fail
To exercise the power the gods allow
Over a Roman lord?—But Jove controls
The circling dance of the eternal spheres:
Not Juno or Minerva penetrates
The fatal secrets of the Almighty mind:—
And Man, in his own household, is as Jove!

Where were the seasons, and the beautiful change
Of flowery spring, and autumn berry-crowned,
Strong summer and alternate wintry death,
If light Cytherea ruled the sire of gods?
Seest thou yon mountain, child? Be thou the vine
Warmed into verdure by volcanic fires;—
Such fires as animate a *hero's* breast;—
Destructive fires, yet spreading by their warmth
Perennial beauty o'er the rugged soil!
There bear thy fruit—fond love's nectiferous juice—
And, with thy tendrils clinging round the rock,
To strength and energy add graceful charms:
But let not thy adventurous roots be struck
Too deep towards passion's chaldron, nor put forth
Thy curious branches to embrace the verge.
When the red lava floods the mountain's flank,
Discretion stands aside:—Sempronia, thus
Do thou.—Remember Pliny, and be wise!

S O N N E T.

EDUCATION.

A CHILD is born—Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues ;
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life,—and it shall lose
All power to charm ; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour ?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

RIGOLET.

CHARMING little Rigolet ! While we of the Anglo-Saxon race cannot but condemn the general tendency of the writings of Eugene Sue, (though certainly one of the least objectionable of the modern French novel-writers,) no real philanthropist should refuse him the meed of thanks for this personification of humble virtue. We are beginning to feel in this country an evil, existing from time immemorial, which is most fortunately upon the wane in Europe, while here it is rapidly increasing ;—an evil which is, to a certain extent, an inevitable consequence of prosperity—a species of moral tax upon civilization, not improbably among the active causes of the cyclic decay of nations and races. As wealth becomes amassed, its diffusion, by a seemingly fixed law, is rendered more and more unequal, until society is divided into castes and sections, ignorant of the feelings, character, wants, and excellences of those who dwell beyond the limits of one little circle ; and the broad and heart-ennobling sentiment of truly Christian cosmopolitanism becomes smothered in a mist of insular and degrading prejudices, until refinement itself is rendered the parent of a narrow and vulgar selfishness.

But when the more favoured portion of society becomes neglectful and indifferent to the welfare of the humbler classes, then begins the eroding agency of social and political corruption, which must ultimately undermine all human institutions, however wisely planned,—for, “in union there is strength,” and in division, weakness. This danger, terrible even to monarchies, must be still more rapidly fatal to republics; and, as Americans, we are deeply indebted to such writers as Sue with his *Rigolet* and *Fleur-de-Marie*, and Dickens with his Japhet and dearest little Nell. The exquisite loveliness of all these characters must vindicate, with all who have hearts to feel, the cause of that vast mass of struggling humanity, which seems doomed to misfortune from the cradle to the grave. By making what are termed the upper class acquainted with the trials and the sufferings of the neglected “many,” and showing us how virtue blossoms in despite of fate, among beings surrounded and overwhelmed in an atmosphere of crime, these writers more than compensate the evil effect of spreading before the young, the heartless, the animal, and the ill-educated, pictures of actually existing immorality, through that vast engine of both good and evil,—the public press. Thus,—however those who object against fiction may condemn the circulation of matter which, in some sense, brings about familiarity with vice,—such pictures tend to retard the downward progress of mankind under the insulating influence of refinement. It is the duty of the unprejudiced moralist wisely to select—not sweepingly to condemn—the works of fiction.

THE SILENT AVOWAL.

AGATA MATTEO was the acknowledged "belle" of a rural district in the vicinity of Amalfi, and, moreover, though it by no means follows as a matter of course, she was a general favourite. Now, the elevation above her companions in either character being sufficient to induce a certain tendency to giddiness, it could be no marvel that she, standing as it were with a foot planted on each, was not altogether quite so steady and sedate as her grandmother Dorotea, "whose only care was to increase her store, and keep her" pet granddaughter out of mischief.

They dwelt alone together, but were far from being alone in the world, having relatives both young and old for their near neighbours; and the worthy dame, when among them, not only "remembered that she once was young," but, sooth to say, appeared at times to forget that she was growing old. So, her placid, smiling "presence checked no decent joy," and she had been ever welcome for her own sake long before the little rosy, laughing, black-eyed Agata was acquainted with any sweeter flattery than a present of cakes or confectionary from Naples. But

"Time by minutes steals away,
First the hour and then the day;"

says the old dial-plate inscription, worthy to be had in all remembrance; and one fine autumnal evening grandmamma was sitting among the elders, quietly enjoying the cool air and the dreamy *dolce far' niente*, half listening to a plaintive ditty that had succeeded a lively dance among the young people, and now and then casting an upward look at her beloved native sky, gradually deepening into darker beauty as the starry hosts assumed their wonted nocturnal brilliancy.

Was she thinking of them and their wondrous form and mission? Not at all. They were simply to her as a time-piece; and at length, catching sight of a planet that had just risen above the distant mountains, she apostrophized it with—"Oh! *you are* come, are you? Well then, it's time for *me* to go;" thus unconsciously paraphrasing the well-known lover's stanza—

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily."

The next mental ejaculation was—"Where is *mia cara*, I wonder?" when suddenly a low, deep-toned voice behind her murmured—

"Ah! Agata *bellissima!* Happy, indeed, will he be who makes an impression"

What might have followed, and who it was that spoke, and to whom he addressed himself, were matters all rendered uncertain at the moment by the impression made on grandmamma, who, starting quickly round with an abortive attempt at jumping up, overset her rickety, turf-supported seat, and was falling backward, in a very inelegant and perilous fashion, when she was cleverly caught in the arms

of a young stranger; but Agata, whom she instantly inquired for, was not to be seen.

"It is very extraordinary!" said grandmamma. "I'm sure I heard....."

"Yes; it is very extraordinary indeed!" exclaimed Caterina, who was Agata's most intimate friend. "I couldn't have thought it possible for any one to jump so far as the signor did—all the way from that tree;" and she pointed to one ten yards distant.

"Humph! Then it could not have been him nor her," thought Dorotea; and, after expressing her thanks to the young man, she had the pleasure of seeing Agata slowly walking towards her from an opposite direction. The words she had heard, however, left an unpleasant impression on her mind, inasmuch as, if "the child," as she termed her, had not been spoken *to*, she had been spoken *of*, as a woman; and that was vexatious, and moreover exceedingly ridiculous, considering that it seemed "only the other day" when she was learning her letters.

"I will give her good advice, however," resolved the prudent dame. "I'll tell her of the wickedness of man and all that, and warn her against flattery and all strangers in particular; for I remember—dear me! where's my old head running to? That was years ago, when I was little more than her age, if so much, and thought myself a woman, too. Heigho! If my time was to come over again! But it's no use thinking about that. I'll do my duty towards her, at any rate, and she has always minded what I said hitherto, like a good child."

Now, Agata, from some cause, had got it into her pretty little head that she was no longer a child; and her grandmother's eloquence, strange to say, instead of removing the error, tended only more strongly to confirm it. Nevertheless, she listened patiently, during the greater part of the following day, to the voice of age and experience, and forthwith became so very sedate as to astonish the good Dorotea at the potent effect of her own garrulity. It seemed, indeed, quite wonderful; for, from that day, the giddy young creature, to whom the evening dance had hitherto been an habitual delight, as natural as is the use of wings to a bird, steadfastly refused every invitation to join in the healthy pastime, and preferred to sit as a looker-on with the elders, save when her dear friend Caterina was at liberty to walk, and then they would wander away together into solitary places and be absent for hours.

This change did not certainly look exactly like being convinced that she was merely a child, but Dorotea congratulated herself by thinking—"It is clear that I have frightened her about the young men, and it is better to be frightened, than flattered into false security. I shall let things go on so for a little longer;" and she continued perfectly content, and withal somewhat puffed up with conceit at the efficacy of her excellent counsel and good intentions.

In the mean while, the fair Agata, feeling herself "every inch a woman," was a participator in all the little secrets of her dear friend Caterina, who was then on the eve of marriage, and much given to speaking of the rise and progress of her affection for dear Giotto, with a minuteness of detail

that would have been wearisome on any other subject, but to which Agata ever lent the attentive ear of one who wishes to receive instruction. Still, all her listening and subsequent reflection were inadequate to explain to her the mystery of her own feelings. Caterina's heart had been won by a long series of attentions, a regular courtship, while her own—

“Phoo!” she said, “it is ridiculous! I am quite surprised and ashamed at myself! What can the handsome stranger they call Marco be to me? We have only met and danced together three times, and talked a little. To be sure, his manner and what he said was—Ah! I dare say grandmamma was right, and yet—Well, I won't think any more about him.”

It was a resolution more easily made than abided by, inasmuch as that, without knowing it, she was already much in the situation of the French lady when exclaiming, “*Helas! Quand on s'est parée une fois pour quelqu'un, on ne se soucie plus d'être jolie pour personne.*” She certainly had taken unusual pains with her dress on the day when the said Marco had led her, after the dance, so unconsciously to the back of her grandmother's chair, and the interruption was provoking; but, after all, might not his words be a mere compliment such as he was in the habit of addressing to his partners? Something whispered to her that the suspicion was unjust; but, when weeks had passed away without his reappearance, she thought it strange, and once, with a very indifferent attempt at carelessness, ventured to inquire of her friend if she knew anything of the

stranger called "Mar— something;" but somehow the name stuck in her throat, and Caterina, like all other people in her condition, seemed to have had neither eyes nor ears for more than one person, and stupidly declared she could not guess what stranger was meant, unless he were more particularly described. That was a task for which Agata felt too tremulous at the moment, because she fancied there was a lurking, meaning smile beneath Caterina's extraordinary dulness of memory.

So time again passed on, and his name was never more mentioned between them, though Caterina and Giotto often talked about him, as he was a very intimate friend of the latter, and had entrusted to him certain secrets, which, as a matter of course under existing circumstances, he was incapable of concealing from his dear Caterina, who, in the same spirit of unbounded confidence, made known to him one in return, at which he seemed greatly pleased. It was simply that Agata had made a solemn vow never to dance again till she should be asked by the person who, &c., &c.

"Nobody knows it but me," said Caterina; "so you must be sure not to tell any one."

There is, however, an old and very true proverb, that, when a secret is known to three, it is a secret no longer; and pretty Agata's prudish resolution, which she deemed in such safe keeping, had shared the usual fate before the day of her friend's nuptials.

All the neighbours were then assembled, and many strangers, and there was much dancing, in which, as usual, Agata declined to join, and sat watching the moving throng with

an odd sort of feeling between hope and fear of *his* appearance. At last she caught sight of him, and her little heart fluttered sadly, when it was plain that he also had seen her, and was approaching. Then, as he came nearer—it was really abominable!—there was a more than cheerful, quite a triumphant smile on his countenance, and his dark eyes glistened with delight.

Was that the way to approach her, after what had passed between them, and so many weeks of absence and neglect unaccounted for? The injured pride of woman rose within, and made hasty preparations to give him a mortifying reception; and she did manage to assume an air of great coolness during the exchange of common civilities and inquiries, at the end of which he, not at all abashed, said—“As I understand you do not dance, signora, I will not solicit the favour of your hand *now*, but go and pay my respects to your good grandmother,” and forthwith he went his way.

She felt for a moment as if in a dream, but was aroused, ere he had taken many steps, by the bride of the day, who, leaning over the back of her chair, whispered, “Come, Agata dear, I want you to take a quiet walk with me just for a few minutes out of the crowd.”

“I cannot refuse *you*,” said Agata, looking up, and any one else must have observed that she was much agitated; but Caterina noticed it not, and led her passively away, and continued to chat merrily, after a fashion utterly discordant with the feelings of her companion, who, however, soon exerted herself to the utmost to appear cheerful, that she

might not throw a gloom over her friend's happiness; and thus more than half an hour had passed away, when Caterina exclaimed, "Ah! there's Giotto seeking me! How tiresome! However, I suppose he will not always be so fond of my company. Let us go this way;" and, taking a contrary direction from the bridegroom, she led Agata round to a spot where they saw her grandmother, Dorotea, making one of a small group apart from the gayer throng, and in deep conversation with Marco; and then Caterina, with the odd sort of smile she had worn on a former occasion, said, "Good by, Agata dear! I hope it will not be long before I dance at your wedding, even if you won't dance at mine."

"Never!" exclaimed Agata, almost choking.

"Well, well, time will tell," said her happy friend, laughing, as she tripped away.

"He shall not see that he has the power to discompose my spirits," resolved Agata magnanimously, as she walked leisurely towards her aged relative, who, the moment she saw her, exclaimed—"Ah, my dear! I am so glad you are come! Here is this young signor who saved my life almost. He is the son"—

"No, signora," said Marco; "the grandson."

"Oh—ah—yes—dear me! How time goes! The grandson of my dear old friend! Well, it's a long story. You shall hear it all some day. And so you're to have the old house and farm, you say—all your own! Bless us! But are you not too young?"

"Two-and-twenty, signora."

“Ah, you must have a wife; you’ll never be able to manage without.”

“That is just what my father said, and so he chose one for me, but I preferred choosing for myself.”

“Bah, bah!—that’s silly, as well as disobedient.”

“Not disobedient, now, signora; for, though he was long very positive, he at length gave way, when I told him all; and last night, after a long talk with my friend Giotto, who knows all your family history, he not only gave me leave, but said he should be delighted to see me united to the only”——

“Ay, ay, I understand all that. But have you won *her* heart?”

“I dare not say that.”

“Pish! then set about it. When I was young, there was no ‘dare not’ in the case. The men used to dare to say anything. Well—good luck to your wooing! So your father will be here to-night? I shall be right glad to see him. Dear me! the very thought makes me feel young again. Many a dance we’ve had together, and, if he asks me, I don’t know but I’ll stand up again in spite of—Ugh! You dance, I suppose? All your family used to know the use of their legs. Come, let me see you. Agata, my dear, give the signor your hand.”

“My dear grandmother, you know I never”——

“Fiddle-de-dee!—I insist upon it. He’s no stranger, but the son of my very old—humph! Take her hand, young man; and, as you are engaged, you may give her a salute”——

“No, no!—Oh, grandmamma!”

“He, he, he! Bless the child!—Do you think he’ll bite you? Well, well, don’t be frightened; only begin dancing. Dear me!—now he stands up, how much he puts me in mind of Girolamo!”

He had already taken hold of Agata’s hand, but she hesitated—then drew a step back.

“How awkward!” exclaimed Dorotea.

“How beautiful!” murmured Marco.

“Do excuse me!” pleaded Agata; “I never shall be able to get through a dance.”

“Only begin,” gasped Marco; “now—forward, just a step or two. Here we are! Ah, *Agata, carissima*, if we were alone, I would go upon my knees.”

“Don’t talk nonsense! Well, if I must—but hist!—no music *here!*—it would draw attention, and I have a particular reason—it is so long since I danced”——

“Well,” cried grandmamma, “I hope we shall have something capital after all this preparation. Strike up, Niccolo!”

“No, no!” exclaimed Marco: “stop, Niccolo! the *signorina* prefers”——

“Don’t speak so loud!” whispered Agata, “they will hear”——

“Not another word—ha!—yes!—that’s it!—one, two—and off we go!” said Marco, and the dance had already commenced, ere Agata ventured to look up in his face. When she did, however, she read an expression of triumphant delight, which confused her exceedingly; and presently,

though she ventured scarcely a glance from the ground, she became sensible that their little party of lookers-on was increased, while her partner continued to whirl round and about her, as if dancing in the air, till she felt quite giddy; and then, perhaps, she might have fallen, had he not supported her till the bridegroom and bride came to his assistance, and then Agata threw her arms round the neck of the latter and sobbed—"Oh, Caterina!" and Caterina whispered—"Oh, Agata! who would have thought of your breaking your vow?" and Agata, pressing still closer to her, murmured in her ear, "I have not, indeed!"

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A LITTLE particle of rain

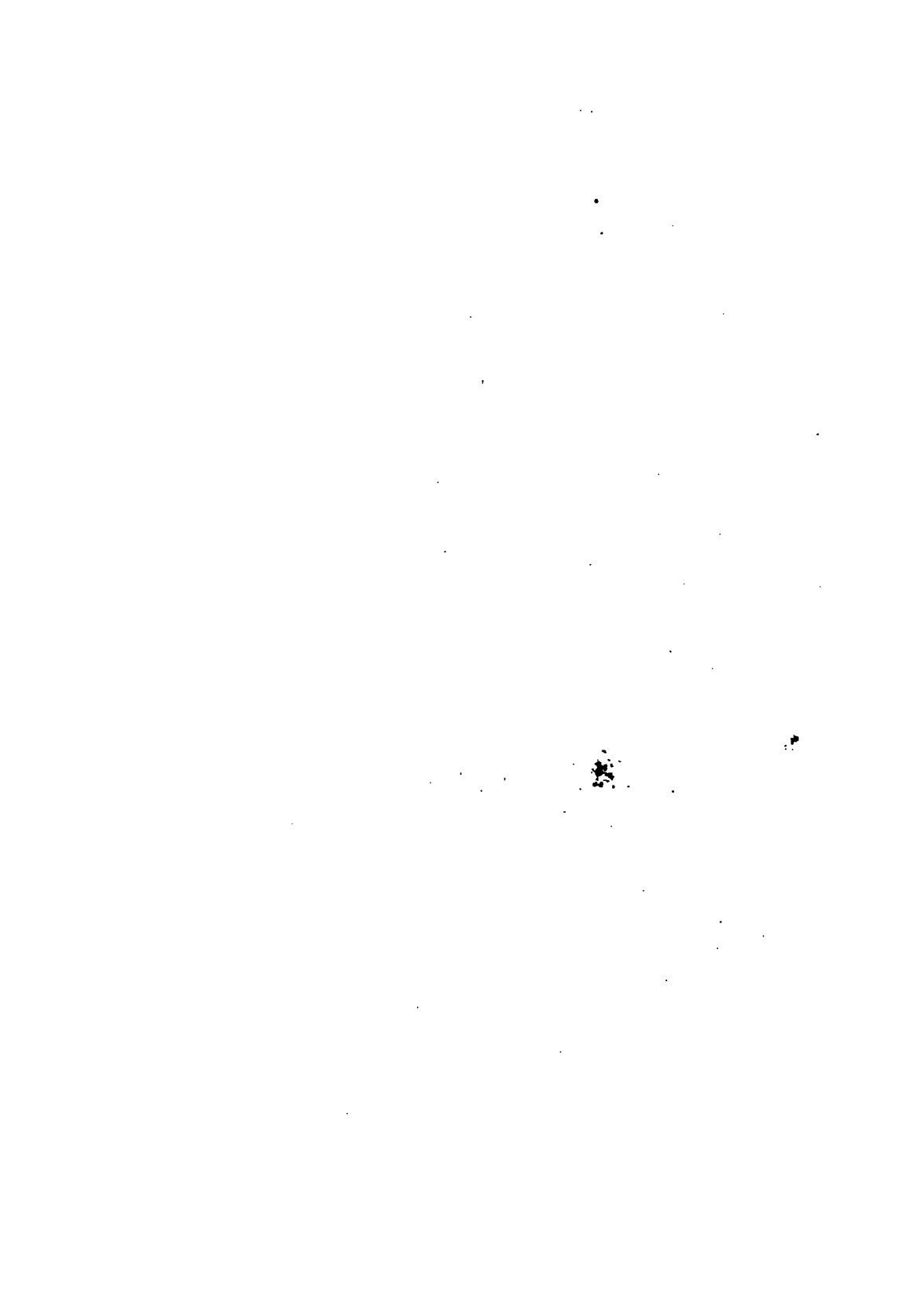
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain :—

“My brief existence now is ended,
Outcast, alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die.”

It chanced to fall into the sea,—

And there an open shell received it :—
And, after years, how rich was he

Who from its prison-house relieved it !
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.



THE PEASANT GIRL.

AYE beautiful, thou dark blue sky !
With thy white clouds wandering by,
Filled with those sweet showers, that take
Summer by surprise, and wake
Lovelier life in every flower
Drooping with noon's southern hour.

There are stately trees, whose shade,
On the pleasant green grass laid,
Makes a cool and lonely home,
Where the youthful bard might come
Dreaming dreams, the bright, the brief,
Flitting with each falling leaf.

On yon wild and distant heath,
Thousand buds have bloom and breath ;
Cowslips, with their golden chime,
Where the bee rings summer time ;
Violets, the deep, the blue,
Like the soft eyes wandering through
Shadowy lash, and drooping lid,
But too lovely to be hid ;
And that wilding rose, as fair
As those fleeting blushes are,

Wakened by some gentle tale
On a cheek which else were pale.
Singing its own sweet low song,
Runs yon rippling brook along ;
Like the far-off echo dying
Of some wind-lute's lonely sighing.

Well, fair Peasant Girl, dost thou,
With thy clear and open brow,
Thy fresh cheek and happy eyes,
Suit the scene that round thee lies.
Well may those whose forced content
Is in crowded cities pent,
Envy thine, and wish to be
Free on the free heath with thee.

Oh for birdlike wings, to bear
To some lonely valley, where
I might dwell from all apart,
Brooding over mine own heart !
Bygone festivals should be
Fairy pageantry to me.
In the waving of the flowers,
In the light of starry hours,
I would see the lighted room,
With the young cheek's burning bloom ;
And the bright hair's sunny curls,
Or the darker bound with pearls ;
And the white and meteor hand
Gleaming in the saraband.

Then a falling leaf should break
My fair dream, and I would wake,
Musing over all I know
Of such vain and outward show :
Where the youngest lip is sealed,
And the beating heart concealed ;
Where each word 's a meteor-ray,
Meant to mislead or to betray.
Oh! farewell to scenes like these!
Hopes that lure, and truths that freeze!
Give me that wind's fragrant breath ;
Careless range o'er yonder heath ;
Short and dreamless slumber made,
Where yon hill-side casts its shade
Mid the small flowers blossoming,
Lulled by music from the spring.
Why, oh why, may this not be ?
Peasant Girl! I envy thee.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

A FRAGMENT.

ZULIMA.

LET my lord bear with me—Oh, go not forth!

SULTAN.

Wherefore, Zulima? Shall the yellow-haired Giaour
Mow down our frontier ranks, and I—the prince—
Ruler of destiny, whose word is law—
Stand idly by? Shall every finger point,
And, as I pass, each whisperer breathe—“All hail!
Thou faithless leader of the faithful?” No!—
No, by thy love, Zulima! Even woman shuns
The unmanly coward.

ZULIMA.

Go not forth to-morrow!

SULTAN.

Lily of Georgia, why this iteration?
Hath not the Sultan spoken?

ZULIMA.

True, my lord ;
 But yet blame not thy fond, thy faithful slave !
 I had a dream last night.

SULTAN.

A dream !—Well, well,
 Thou silly trembler, we will hear thy dream.

ZULIMA.

Methought I was uplifted on the air,
 And westward borne athwart the Balkan's height ;—
 Westward, to where the dark-waved Danube gleams,
 Parting the nations on its winding way :—
 There, from my cloud-winged chariot, I looked down,
 Awe-struck, upon the plains of Hungary.

SULTAN.

Why awe-struck, gentle Zulima ?

ZULIMA.

There shone

In terrible majesty, the ranks of war.
 I saw thy crescent banner, and with pride
 The thousand horsetails waving in the wind—
 The opposing ranks—the Austrian's treacherous smile,
 So smooth and yet so cruel—Russia's serf,
 Lashed to unwilling duty—Hungary,
 With her brave Magyar chivalry. Oh, Mahomet !

But it was glorious—grand!—'twas beautiful!
 Then came the Christian charge—the trumpet's tone—
 And one wild yell of Allah!—Allah hu!
 'Twas dark; but underneath the sulphur cloud
 Rolled war's fierce thunder, and my buoyant couch
 Rocked like a cradle on the waving air,
 Fanned by the breath of glory.—Oh, my heart!—
 Leaping with triumph, childlike, it exclaimed—
 "Yes, I'm a hero's bride!"—I clapped my hands!
 Alas! 'twas but a moment.—Sad and slow,
 A pageant rose above war's winding-sheet!—
 I stood aghast! Bleeding and turbanless
 I saw thee in the arms of aged men
 White-robed and whiter bearded. On the air,
 All noiseless tramped their unsupported feet!
 Sudden, an armless hand,—vast—indistinct—
 Thrusting its fingers through the azure vault,
 Rolled back heaven's veil, and I looked in upon
 The glory of the blest, the Houri-band!
 While to their chaunting marched those hoary men
 Into the presence—Ha! I sprung!—I called!—
 But the blue curtain fell, and shut me out!
 Go not thou forth to-morrow.—

SULTAN.

Dear Zulima!

Think'st thou the Prophet, when he noteless passed
 Fond woman's future on the Koran's page,
 Lest her soft wiles—she being deemed eternal—

Should check the fire of heaven-deputed men
 Sent on a bloody mission,—thinkest thou
 That he *denied* that which he failed to *teach*?
 Georgia's fair lily, no! By yonder star,
 Round which the everlasting orbs revolve,—
Itself so fixed—yon veil shall ne'er divide
 My soul from thine.—Soulless!—Thou art *all* soul!

ZULIMA.

Ha! Then away!

Never shall it be said my woman-fears
 Hung like a weight upon my warrior's arm.
 Should it be Allah's will, go forth and die!
 The Brahmin better than the Prophet reads—
 When he devotes the mourner to the flame—
 The pure devotion of a woman's heart.
 Go forth to fame, so we but meet above!

AMY VERNON.

AN HISTORIC INCIDENT.

A **SPLENDID** apartment in the palace of the Queen was brilliantly illuminated; and a somewhat large assembly surrounded the form of their sovereign, who stood at the upper end of the room. She was listening attentively to the account of a young and noble female, who had that day submitted to the torture, rather than abjure the tenets of the religion, which her own heart, and the example of the holy martyrs, who had suffered at the stake, assured her was most acceptable in the eyes of her Creator.

When the recital was concluded, the Queen cast an appealing glance on those near her, saying—“Methinks, my lords, we have allowed these most unholy and wretched heretics to remain unwatched too long in this our country; active measures must be used, or the land will be overspread with them. I could have borne it patiently had they been of low degree; but now our dungeons throng with illustrious prisoners, who publicly avow the cursed opinions of those, whose names would madden me to mention.” Exhausted by the rapidity of her utterance, she leant for a while against the marble pillars of the chamber, and the deepening frown on her brow told of the rage that

held dominion within. Presently she spoke again: "And now, most noble gentlemen, I bid ye say how we shall deal with this erring maiden, whose gentle birth insures some mercy. To your care, my Lord Primate," she continued, turning to Cardinal Pole, "I consign the person of Amy Vernon; see that no pains be spared in your endeavours to lead her from her present evil course, and my gratitude will be your due; but should your mild counsels avail nothing, let tortures of more acute kinds be resorted to;" and she mechanically stretched and wreathed the ermine border of her mantle, as if to represent the convulsions of a sufferer upon the rack. The Cardinal bowed his head lowly in obedience to her commands. "Farewell, sirs," resumed Mary; "on the morrow, at the stated hour, we will meet again, when, my Lord Cardinal, I trust to hear of the success of your labours." She walked slowly to an inner apartment, the tapestried curtain fell over the doorway, and the assembly instantly dispersed.

It was now nearly two hours since the vesper bell had sounded, and the same ecclesiastics occupied the Queen's council-chamber, to adopt more rigorous punishments to repress the heretical opinions of the venerable Cranmer, who had lately suffered at the stake.

"How fares my noble friend?" said Mary, extending her hand graciously to Cardinal Pole, as he entered the room; "I bid thee report speedily of the state of the damsel Amy Vernon; she has doubtless attended to thy counsels, and is willing to accept our pardon on such terms as we may determine on:—is it not so, my Lord?"

"Alas! Madam," he replied; "I grieve to say, she rejects all my advice, and has blindly devoted herself to martyrdom, preferring the funeral pile to the abandonment of her faith: unless," he added in a low tone, "your Majesty will be graciously pleased to pardon one whose religious opinion is her only fault."

"And does not *that* fault, my Lord, overbalance all her other virtues?" returned the Queen vehemently; "by my throne and sceptre, thou dost amuse me by calling it her *only* fault. I think I have plainly shown by the execution of the Lady Jane Grey, that I value not much personal beauties, nor mental accomplishments;" and she laughed long and loudly.

None dared to break the silence which succeeded; even the most familiar courtiers feared the violent spirit of their mistress; and until she again spoke, an unbroken stillness pervaded the room.

"I crave your pardon, my Lord," said Mary, who cared not to offend the Cardinal; "my speech was prompted by the sudden ebullition of my rage, nor thought I, or intended to displease you."

"Nay, Madam," he replied, "it is not meet for me to listen to your apologies; it would ill become a servant of royalty not to bear the anger of his Sovereign,—even had he merited it."—The last words were uttered in a tone of reproach, and the blood rushed forcibly to the face of the Queen.

"It is idle to waste more time in hearing farther particulars of Amy Vernon's unyielding obstinacy," exclaimed

Bonner, who had till now remained silent; "if it so please your Majesty, the warrant for her execution ought presently to be signed, and speedily carried into effect."

"Your advice is both good and reasonable, my Lord," said Mary; and she beckoned to a page, who bore a small ebony table with implements of writing, to her side. She would instantly have signed the parchment, but Cardinal Pole, whose counsel Mary heeded and respected, interposed; saying, "Would your Majesty deign to listen to my entreaties, I humbly would beg a short respite for this unhappy female, whose youth and inexperience entitle her to some leniency.—Could your Majesty behold her grace, and beauty, and hear her mild reasoning, you would, indeed, pity her."

"Tush!—tush!—my Lord!" interrupted the Queen, impatiently; "thou dost weary us with the recital of her charms. Marry!—I do believe thou hast been wounded by the eyes of this Mistress Amy;—justice, my Lord Cardinal, shall be satisfied whilst I possess the throne of England;" and she again seized the pen to sign the warrant. The meek and gentle Pole, who usually cared not to incense Mary, answered in a firm tone:—

"I did not suppose so slight a boon would have been denied me; but it would have been wiser had I avoided these meetings altogether, when the advice and requests of those beneath him" (and he looked angrily on Bonner) "are listened to in preference to those of the primate of England, who had far better quit the palace of his Queen, and retire

from the turmoils of a court, where his claims are little heeded."

"And by my life, thou speakest truth;" replied the wily Mary, in a soothing tone, at the same time tearing the warrant, and scattering the fragments on the floor; "talk not of leaving our Court, my Lord, and we will say nothing more of the execution of Amy Vernon for the present; but we would ourselves see this model of perfection; thinkest thou she would visit us at our Court, an we were to invite her?" she asked in a sarcastic manner.

"She will, doubtless, as it becometh her, attend your Majesty's summons," said the Cardinal coldly; and four yeomen of the guard were forthwith despatched to his residence, with an order for the person of Amy Vernon.

The conversation grew less interesting until the arrival of the prisoner; who was instantly admitted to the Queen's presence. Her fetters had been removed at the command of the Cardinal; and when she appeared before Mary, she stood fearlessly, and returned her scrutinizing glance by one of equal firmness. Her late sufferings had somewhat impaired her beauty; but no trace of sorrow or dismay was visible on her pale countenance. She was attired in a dark garb of coarse camlet; and one of the guards, more compassionate than his comrades, had thrown a cloak of scarlet cloth around her, to shield her from the inelimity of the night wind, which formed a strong contrast to the whiteness of her neck and arms; though they were in many parts discoloured by the application of the torture. Even the boldest hearts felt awed at the mild appearance of this young

creature, who thus relinquished her brilliant station in the world, for the joys and happiness which were in store for her hereafter. The silence which had succeeded the entrance of Amy, was suddenly broken by a long, loud, and piercing shriek, apparently proceeding from one of the ante-rooms; it was like that which bursts from the lips of a dying wretch, when all hopes of succour are fled;—or the fearful ejaculation of a raging maniac; and the hearers quailed with alarm, as the sounds rapidly advanced towards the room. A brief, but ineffectual struggle was heard at the door of the apartment, and with speed and violence an aged female strode into the room. She cast a wild, and eager glance on those who stood near her; and, unappalled by the presence of royalty, ceased not her search, until the form of Amy met her view. “Ha—ha—ha!” she shouted, “I doubted not that I should find thee;”—and she threw her arms around her, and laid her head on Amy’s bosom; who pressed her convulsively to her heart, while a few tears rolled down her pallid cheek;—“I could have borne all my sufferings,” she said;—“but this sight has overcome my firmness. Mother,—mother,”—she paused abruptly, and sobs of bitter anguish burst from her. “Hush, hush?” replied Lady Vernon, “I do not own the title of mother; for when I passed the crowd in yon court-yard, they did all point at me, and say I had no daughter. But was it not a hideous vision? I see thee again, my Amy, and hold thee in my arms; thou, why hast thou doffed thy silken robe, and put on this coarse one?” she looked earnestly at Amy as she spoke; and then placed both hands on her brow, saying, “I

know not what ails this poor heart; it is strange to see no familiar face but thine, my child. Who are they?" she continued, pointing to Mary, and her counsellors. During the frantic harangue of this poor maniac, whose disorder appeared to have been occasioned by the loss of her daughter, the Cardinal had in terror viewed the gathering storm on the countenance of the Queen. Her sallow visage flushed, and grew pale by turns; and her dull gray eyes appeared suffused with blood, thus rendering her face doubly revolting; she clenched her hand amid her hair, and tore many of the ornaments from her head-gear, and dashed them on the ground. But ere her wrath broke forth, Lady Vernon again spoke, "Why dost thou not tell me who they are?" she said, her thoughts still dwelling on the forms before her, and speaking in a tone of one accustomed to command. "Your sovereign," replied the Queen in a voice of thunder; "who, methinks, thou mightest have learnt to reverence and fear."

"The Queen! the Queen!" shrieked Lady Vernon; "then it is in vain for me to sue for mercy, for she was never known to grant it yet. I do remember a story, which was told in my youth, of a shipwrecked mariner, who, when tossed and buffeted by the waves, did ask and implore the wild sea to have pity on him; surely his appeal was not more vain than mine!" and she clung to her daughter as if for protection. Contrary to the expectation of the Cardinal, the Queen seated herself calmly on her throne, and motioning Bonner to her, she spoke for some minutes in a low whisper. He presently quitted the room; and in a short

space of time returned again, and placed a roll of parchment beside her, to which she subscribed her name. It was the warrant for the execution of Lady Vernon and her daughter Amy. This act appeared to have quelled her rage, and a flush of satisfaction appeared visible on her face, which was again composed.

“When I told thee,” she exclaimed, turning to Cardinal Pole, “that the execution should be deferred, I did not think to have been insulted in mine own palace; nay, interrupt me not: thy pleading will avail nothing, my Lord; their doom is sealed;” and she cast the parchment on the table with violence, mingled with ill-concealed delight, and soon quitted the assembly.

The mother and her child were publicly executed; and to strike deeper terror into the breasts of those who knew them, their funeral pile was erected in the park of their country seat; and the traveller, should his wanderings lead him to the spot, may still view a moss-covered rock, which marks the place where the bodies of Amy Vernon and her mother were consumed.



THE OJIBBEWAY'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

THE burning rays of the summer noontide sun were struggling to reach the gaily-tinted flowers, which blossomed at the foot of many a stately tree in the majestic forest skirting the highest in the chain of America's most noted inland seas, and the panther and the deer alike shrunk from the breath of day to the shelter of their shaded lairs, while the more brilliant and ephemeral children of the clime, the most beautiful perchance of the winged creation, sported joyfully in the sunny glades, which here and there, broke in upon the denseness of the woods. But the humming-bird and the butterfly were not alone, or uninterrupted in their pastime; for, round one of the largest of these forest glades, a light-footed Indian maiden chased them with a bounding step, and a heart as happy as their own had been ere she had taught them how to fear. Ever and anon, her merry, but sweet-toned laughter, echoed through the woods, as a beautiful prize rewarded her exertions, only to be restored to liberty at the next moment, all the pleasure it could give being afforded in the pursuit.

Wearied, at length, with the fatiguing exercise, beneath the sultry sky of midsummer, the girl cast herself on the

flowery turf, in the shade of the maples which bordered the little clearing, and, caging with both hands her latest captive, watched with unintended and unconscious cruelty the flutterings of the trembling bird, which she was far too gentle to dream of injuring. Wai-o-naisa, or the *Wishton-wish*, as she was named, was no less beautiful than gentle: very beautiful was she for her nation, and could not have been thought otherwise in any land. She was very young also; indeed, this was but the fifteenth summer which she had seen; and her mind was yet full of the thoughts of childhood, though many of her tribe, who had lived fewer moons, had been already given in marriage.

The shadow at her side had increased perhaps a hand's breadth, when the branches on the verge of the clearing were pushed aside, and an Indian warrior appeared. He was some ten years her senior, tall, and finely formed, with handsome features, whose haughty expression was often accompanied by one of sternness which might have seemed more suited to a greater age. After advancing a few steps, he pronounced the name of Wai-o-naisa, and looked around; but ere his glance had fallen upon her resting-place, the maiden rose to her feet, and her fluttering prisoner darted away with eager wing, to rejoin his companions.

"Wai-o-naisa!" repeated the warrior, as he observed her.

The girl came forward with an air which wavered between the humility considered proper to her sex and the fearlessness of one who had rarely been made to feel her inferiority.

"Did Che-che-gwa seek me?" she asked, looking up in his face with a smile.

"Yes, bird of the sweet voice!" replied the warrior, in accents soft nearly as her own." I sought Wai-o-naisa ere the shadows were at the shortest; and now I have little time to bid the sister of my heart farewell. I must go, for my people send a message to the Pawnee Loups, and Che-che-gwa must speak the words and bear the wampum which are given him. Two moons must pass ere his return, and he should now be on his way; but there is much in his heart which he would gladly have had time to speak."

"Che-che-gwa is a great orator—why should he hesitate?" said the girl, with a simplicity which somewhat disconcerted her companion. He looked down for a moment, and then bent his glowing eyes intently on her countenance, as he demanded—

"And what if he would ask the fairest bird of the woods to think of him while he travelled far away?"

"Does the chief think she would not?" was the almost indignant rejoinder. "The mind of Wai-o-naisa can see her friends when they are hidden from her eyes!"

"But Che-che-gwa would have her remember him as one whose heart sees but her alone in all the world," replied the warrior, in a tone of impassioned earnestness.

"What does Che-che-gwa mean?"

His reply was as eloquent an appeal to her affections as ever was uttered by a lover.

"And what says my sister?" he inquired at its con-

clusion. "Will she sing sweetly to rejoice my heart? or will she bid it mourn that it has ever heard her voice?"

There was a considerable pause, ere the maiden replied with both embarrassment and hesitation — "Wai-o-naisa knows not what to answer—the chief has spoken with a tongue which is strange to her ears. She is very happy here. But fourteen snows have melted away since the Manito sent her upon earth, and he has not yet put it into her heart to think of leaving her father. The Rattlesnake can charm many birds;—why has he not found one more worthy of his notice?"

It was not likely that any suitor, either Indian or European, would be in despair at such an intimation, and the Rattlesnake was not by any means inclined to draw back, because the Wishtonwish had as yet been too childish in ideas to feel the full extent and power of his attractions. He could not doubt that it would be otherwise hereafter, when she should have become accustomed to consider him in the new light in which he had placed himself, since, in the prolonged conference which ensued, he found that the shadow of no other form was cast before his image. As it at present was, the young girl, understanding it was her father's pleasure, and knowing affection but by name, agreed that on his return she would regard him as her betrothed; and, nearly consoled for his previous disappointment by this success, Che-che-gwa departed on his mission with every energy devoted to its proper fulfilment, yet already looking forward with pleasure to the time when his feet should again tread the shores of Lake Superior.

From that hour, Wai-o-naisa ^{she} ceased to be a child. Her father, an old man, whose wives were dead, and whose only child she was (for his sons had all fallen in battle), reflected with infinite satisfaction on the prospect of her becoming the wife of so wise and brave a warrior as the young chief Che-che-gwa had already proved himself. It was all he had wished, and now he felt that he should die happy; and Wai-o-naisa never thought of regretting what she knew had gratified him so highly. Yet, day after day, she would recline in the cool shade of the forest, and evening after evening, wander along the beautiful banks of the mighty lake, pondering and musing on the subject which had been so recently forced on her attention, and dreaming wild dreams of affection and romance; and if in many of those visions Che-che-gwa was present, there were others in which he bore no part.

The second moon since the Rattlesnake had bent his steps towards the south was two days old, when the father of Wai-o-naisa was hunting at a distance from his lodge, and encountered a Winnebago who had taken the scalp of his favourite and bravest son, when there was war between the tribes. Though the old men of each nation had long since buried the tomahawk, and smoked together the calumet of peace, the rancour of former days was alive in the heart both of the Winnebago and the Ojibbeway. Fierce words were spoken by each, and the former sheathed his knife in the body of the latter. But the yell which, at the same instant, broke from the assailant's lips, summoned others to the scene; and, while he darted away on their appearing, the strangers hastened to the old man's side, and, having

bound up his wound, formed a litter of boughs, on which they conveyed him to his home.

Two weeks passed, and still the spirit lingered in the old man's frame; yet the strangers had not departed, for they knew that he was dying, and they could not leave the young girl alone, in her fear or her sorrow. There were two—a half Indian hunter, who had all his life been used to traverse the forests and the lakes, and a young Englishman, whom love of adventure had induced to engage the hunter as his attendant and guide. Both were exceedingly attentive to their patient, but the latter was the most unwearied in his solicitude to soothe the daughter's anguish; and when, on the first day of the third week, the eyes of the aged Ojibbe-way warrior were closed for ever, and Wai-o-naisa knew she was an orphan, it was the Englishman's voice which strove by every argument anxiety could prompt, to lessen the grief which well-nigh bordered on despair, and sought to awaken hope and interest for what yet remained on earth.

It needs not to tell how he prevailed on her to listen, and won her thoughts from sorrow, to fix them upon himself. Perhaps he succeeded the easier because he was young and handsome, and possessed that grace of manner which usually belongs to the highly-bred among England's children, and which the natives of every clime can so generally appreciate. However it was, the aged warrior was laid in his grave, with the weapons he had used in life placed by his side, ready to serve him in his brighter existence, in the gardens of the happy, and the time was come when his daughter—for whose satisfaction the strangers had made these

arrangements—should be escorted to some of the villages of her nation ; for, father and child had dwelt apart and in solitude.

The waters of the gigantic lake were breaking in heavy surges on the strand; for, a gale which had passed by still left their surface in agitation, and on the sloping bank sat Wai-o-naisa, watching them as they frothed and foamed many feet below. But though her gaze was bent on the restless billows, she heard not their hollow murmuring—her ears were full of the voice, which, close at her side, was breathing words which imagination aided her scanty knowledge of French in comprehending. The Englishman told her of a faith which, in its simplicity and purity, was well calculated to supersede the Deism she had received from her fathers. He told her of other lakes on whose borders his countrymen resided ; he painted in glowing colours their customs, their pleasures, and their happiness ; and he spoke of what was far better fitted to win the attention of her who listened—of the devoted affection of a heart, that, by the strange caprice of love, had never before found an object to which it could become permanently attached. The maiden hearkened, and, sooth to say, well pleased with what she heard ; nor heeded she any more how the time glided on, than did the earnest relater of the welcome tale : both were as though lost in one of those wild, but pleasant dreams, that had of late filled Wai-o-naisa's thoughts—it was a scene upon which the wise ones of the earth would scarcely desire to look ; for they would feel that it could not last.

Suddenly, a flying squirrel darted with a frightened leap from the tree where it had harboured to one at some distance beyond the lovers; as it shot past, they looked up, and discovered the cause of its alarm and flight:—though no sound of footsteps, no rustling of foliage, had heralded his approach, a haughty Indian warrior stood before them, with all the fierceness of his nation's fiery passions in his glance, and all the stern composure they are wont to evince, apparent in his demeanour.

At this sight, Wai-o-naisa clasped her hands, and shrunk down as though wishing the earth would open to receive her; but Everett looked coolly and inquiringly at the stranger, marvelling much at his peculiar aspect, yet not supposing it could concern him. He was not left long in this delusion: after gazing on him a minute, with an expression of ferocity, the warrior tore the tomahawk from his belt, and hurled it at the unsuspecting Englishman. But his hand had not touched the weapon ere Wai-o-naisa had divined his purpose, and, as it was gleaming through the air, she sprang before Everett, and, catching his arm, bore him to the ground, standing forth herself as his shield from danger. The bright tomahawk, in passing, inflicted a deep wound on the maiden's shoulder, then cleft the grassy bank beyond.

Surprised and shocked at this occurrence, Everett bent over his preserver with eager solicitude, too anxious to stanch the bleeding of the wound she had received in his defence, and to ascertain its nature, to recollect, for the moment, the opportunity which was thus afforded the assas-

sin to complete his work. The latter had stood a silent but enraged spectator of the scene; at one time, he had proceeded so far as to draw his knife from his belt: a single bound, and he might at once terminate the existence of his intended victim; but more generous thoughts succeeded; he was too brave to follow up his first blow by taking so cowardly an advantage of the Englishman's utter forgetfulness of self: he remained inactive, therefore, until Everett looked up, and, on perceiving him, uttered a bitter reproach for his having thus endangered the maiden's life.

On this the warrior frowned and advanced a step—it might have been to discover the extent of the injury received; but the voice of the one and the movement of the other aroused Wai-o-naisa, and darting forward between the Englishman and the Ojibbeway, she addressed the latter with a gesture of supplication.

“O let him not feel the lightning of your wrath! Let the death of Wai-o-naisa quench the anger she has kindled—but spare the stranger, whose eyes have never looked into the heart of Che-che-gwa!”

“Bird of the deceitful note!” said the Indian, in a stern, yet reproachful tone; “sooner would a warrior sing his death-song than harm thee. Go! The life of the pale-face is thine! Bid him thank her, whose mind, like the ermine, has a hue for every season. But listen, child of another land!” continued the chief, and his brow grew dark as the sky where a tempest is lowering; “let not thy soul forget that the fangs of the Rattlesnake have a poison which sinks deeper than his tooth. I said it—go in peace; but ere

years whiten the heads of either with the snows of age, the hand of Che-che-gwa shall be on the heart of the pale-face, though it were hidden far away over the salt lake's bitter waters. Like a fire in the forest is his path, and when he passes by, it is remembered."

Without affording an opportunity for any answer, the Ojibbeway glided swiftly to the spot where his tomahawk lay, and, raising it from the ground, disappeared in another instant amid the surrounding forest.

"Fear not," said Everett, drawing to his side the girl, who trembled greatly, "fear not, Wai-o-naisa! with me you will be safe from all he could attempt."

"Alas!" she answered, sadly, "Che-che-gwa is as wise and cunning as he is brave, and his word is like a mountain which tempests cannot shake!"

Years passed on, and the Indian girl of the wilderness was the Christian wife of one holding a post of distinction in the colony; her ductile mind had easily received the strange lore and new ideas required by change of circumstances; and with her and the stranger who brought her from her tribe, all had been bright and prosperous, save that, even while they dwelt within the walls of Quebec, their eldest child had, when but a few months old, been borne away none could discover whither, though the thoughts of Wai-o-naisa often turned on him she had deserted. Other children came to fill, in the world's opinion, the place of the lost one, but the parents never ceased to mourn for their first born.

It was nineteen years after the scenes which have been

described as passing on the shores of Lake Superior, when a small band of Indian warriors, who had carefully shunned observation, landed on the banks of its younger sister, Erie. Their leader was a stern and haughty savage, by whose side walked a youth, who, in age, might have been his son. The few words spoken by the leader were chiefly addressed to his young companion, who appeared proud of the unusual distinction conferred, by having assigned to him the most prominent part in the tragedy which it was their purpose to enact. It was *his* hand that fired the lonely country house, which shortly after sunset they surrounded; it was *he* who began the work of death, by slaying the first domestic that rushed in blind terror from the dwelling.

Wild and fearful was the scene which followed. Everett and his wife and family were residing in the house, and, though the flames forced them from it, and they stood in a circle defending themselves with the courage of despair, a life had been lost with almost each of the few moments that they had been thus exposed. Suddenly, a powerful savage, springing forward, seized Wai-o-naisa, and bore her out of the line of danger: one glance at her captor was enough;—her heart failed her, and she attempted not a struggle on discovering that she was in the grasp of the Rattlesnake.

“Said he not well!” the hated voice whispered in her ear. “The hour of Che-che-gwa is come: the young hawk has destroyed the nest of his parents. Let Wai-o-naisa open her eyes! do they not remember her son? his hand shall give death to the children of his mother, and bear away

his father's scalp to be the boast of his wigwam. Will not Wai-o-naisa laugh to see it?"

With a cry of agony, and a violent effort,—such as only feelings like hers could prompt,—the horror-struck mother freed herself from his hold, and, darting like an arrow to the spot where, in another moment, the knife of her eldest son would have drunk the life-blood of her youngest, she cast herself between them, exclaiming in her native language—"My son, my son! O spare your brother!"

Surprised at this interruption, the young Indian hesitated, and the knife fell from his hand. But sterner thoughts succeeded; and, raising his tomahawk, he would have hurled it at the boy, but the mother caught his arm, and the keen weapon, taking another direction, bore the Rattlesnake to the earth, a lifeless and disfigured form. The death-blow was seen, though its cause was misunderstood; and in the next instant the knife of a tribesman had avenged him.

In another minute the scene was changed. A detachment of soldiers passing near had heard the fierce yells which rent the air; and now charged suddenly upon the foe. One solitary Indian escaped to bear the tidings to the relatives of those who fell. The events of that evening left Wai-o-naisa none to mourn for, save him she had lost so long before: but Everett murmured with a sigh, as he stood by the unconsecrated grave of his eldest son, "Indian vengeance may be slow, but it is certain, and death and desolation mark unfailingly the spots where it has trod!"

A U T U M N.

A SONNET.

ME it delights, in mellow autumn tide,
To mark the pleasaunce that mine eye surrounds ;
The forest-trees like coloured posies pied ;
The uplands' mealy gray and russet grounds :
Seeking for joy where joyaunce most abounds ;
Not found, I ween, in courts and halls of pride,
Where folly feeds, or flattery's sights and sounds,
And with sick heart but seemeth to be merry :
True pleasaunce is with humble food supplied,
Like shepherd swain, who plucks the bramble-berry
With savoury appetite, from hedge-row briars ;
Then drops content by molehill's sunny side,
Proving, thereby, low joys and small desires
Are easiest fed and soonest satisfied.



When the meadow's bosom green
 Dons a modest veil of blue,
 From houstonia's bloom, between
 Sky and wave a middle hue ;
 Then away with early dawn,
 To the Wissahickon hills,
 Where the sight you gaze upon,—
 While the unburdened spirit thrills
 With the memories of youth,
 Childish love and childish truth—
 Shall compel a cry of bliss :
 " What a happy world is this ! "

There the forest round about
 Rings with many a merry shout,
 While the urchins at the spring,
 On the bridge or by the swing,
 Clinging to the mountain side,
 Plunging shuddering in the tide,
 Dance and sing, and leap and scream,
 In a never-ending stream ;
 Fairy forms on all sides glancing,
 Through the dark pine bushes prancing,
 While the light of pensive eyes—
 From within the dog-wood bower,
 Like bright stars in April skies,
 Seen and shaded every hour—
 Tells of higher destinies,
 Riper love, and beauty's power ;

And the bare-foot half-grown maid
Hurries to the alder shade—
With her brother, *sans culotte*,
Glorying in "pa's cast-off coat,"
With a sadly curtailed skirt,
And a very dirty shirt,—
To refill the exhausted urn,
For the expectant lips that burn,
In their healthful exercise,
Struggling for some childish prize.
Man of sorrows, come with me,
Where upon a bright May-day,
You these merry sights may see;
Look around and smiling say,
With rejuvenescent bliss,
"What a happy world is this!"

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

AMIDST all the magnificence of Switzerland, there is nothing to surpass the grandeur of the scenery which encircles the summit of the *Rigi*, called the *Rigi Culm*. This mountain, situated near the lake of Lucerne, is not, however, so remarkable for its elevation, as for the singularity and advantage of its position. You might imagine that the Creator of all things had thrown up a standing-place for the intelligent admirers of his works, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, which is a kind of world in miniature, where beauty and sublimity occur in endless diversities, in continued alternations, and in eternal rivalry. From this point the spectator contemplates, on the one side, beneath his feet, the lakes and less mountainous regions of Switzerland, stretching like a map to the far distant horizon; and, on the other, a semicircle of the Alps, with their mighty breadth and snow-covered peaks. The day which we devoted to the ascent of the *Rigi*, was one of perfect serenity and clearness. Over all the azure skies not a cloud was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard; all nature seemed to repose in sunshine and stillness: so that fancy might have deemed it a scene for angels to light upon; a resting-place between heaven and earth!

A little below the Alpine ridges, was to be seen a streak of brilliant clouds, which lifted them to an apparent height far superior to their real elevation, bewildering the imagination with an indistinct impression of scenery, that partook of a kind of celestial character. What superadded to the effect was the circumstance of a small white cloud, occasionally detached from the fleecy girdle, and wafted by some gentle breeze along the pure and peaceful atmosphere.

There was, however, one spot which partook of a very different character from the rest. No mind endowed even with the common sensibilities of our nature, could survey it without emotions of melancholy interest, for it was the grave of multitudes who were suddenly precipitated into eternity by the *fall of the mountain of Rossberg*; an event distinctly traceable in the long strip of dusky brown, which bespoke ruin and desolation; and exhibited, as seen from the Rigi, a striking contrast with the surrounding verdure and fertility. In travelling towards the town of Art, we had previously stopped to examine the effects of the catastrophe, and to indulge in those reflections upon the uncertainty of life which are always calculated to benefit the mind, and which such a melancholy prospect was calculated to inspire.

The valley, once rich and fertile, but now partly filled up with huge and scattered fragments of earth, stretched along from the southern extremity of the lake of Zug to that of the lake of Lowertz, a distance of five or six miles. On one side, and in immediate proximity, the Rigi ascends

to the height of about four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet above the level of the lake of Lucerne; on the other, the Ruffiberg, or Rossberg (more familiarly called the Rouffi), rises to about three thousand five hundred and sixteen. Both these masses belong to a chain of mountains, which, geologically considered, seem to have been formed of the fragments or debris, and rolled flints of the primitive mountains, which, being mingled with sand, or gravel and calcareous sediment, have formed those conglomerations which are technically denominated *Puddingstone*. In the neighbourhood they are commonly called *Nagelflue*, because they assume the appearance of a cement stuck all over with the heads of nails. It is obvious that from the nature of their formation, these masses can acquire no great solidity, and must be easily operated upon by the external elements, or by internal forces.

Little, if any doubt, can be entertained, that the Rigi and the Rossberg were originally one mass, which was torn asunder by some convulsion of nature, accompanied probably by an irruption of waters from the south. Convincing proofs of this pristine union were visible before the last catastrophe, both in the colour and the direction of the rocky masses; and it should seem that even the whole valley of Art, now covered with verdure, woods, and orchards, formerly constituted a part of the lake of Zug.

The distance from Art to the village of Goldau, reckoning in the continental way, is about half an hour; whence was a distinct view of the lake of Lowertz, with its two beautiful islands. The valley then enlarges, and by travel-

ling southward, you reach Busingen; thence coming round to Lowertz, the road is frequently shaded with noble trees, the cottages decorated with vines, and the whole of this Arcadia with pastoral simplicity. Ruin, however, has continually been at work in this favoured region. An old manuscript mentions the village of Röthen, which was built on that part of the Rossberg from which the portion of the mountain was separated in the last catastrophe, and which was destroyed by similar means.

Near the summit of the Rossberg, was a solitary thatched cottage (*chaumière*), the inhabitant of which was alarmed by an unusual noise in the mountain, about two o'clock in the afternoon of September 2d, 1806. Superstitiously attributing it to some malignant demon, he immediately ran to Art for a clergyman to appease the evil spirit. During his absence the moment of the explosion rapidly approached. His wife in the mean time happily escaped with her infant child in her arms, terrified by the repeated crushing sounds she heard, which were followed by the falling of stones and fragments of rock. In a moment, the cottage was swept away. Travellers who were proceeding from Ober-Art to Goldau, observed the top of the Rossberg in a state of agitation, while its trees and orchards appeared as if shook by some giant hand. The whole forest of Goldau was speedily overthrown with a tremendous crash. It was now five o'clock. The rapidity and force with which large masses of stone were driven to great distances can scarcely be imagined; we calculated that stones of no inconsiderable magnitude, were propelled at least an English mile, or perhaps

half a league. Entire hills were thrown down, and others substituted in their stead, by the falling and rolling fragments. The lake of Lowertz was suddenly raised above its banks, by the displacing of a considerable portion of its waters; while houses and villages, with their peaceful inhabitants, woods, meadows, pasturages, all disappeared at once! The consternation which seized upon the whole country, and the immediate and agitated search of surviving friends after parents, children, brothers, sisters, and neighbours, can neither be described nor forgotten. The laughing valley became at once, and for ever, a gloomy sepulchre!

It has been supposed, and with great probability, that the immediate cause of this calamity was long in preparation, by the gradual accumulation of water and rubbish in the interior of the mountain. This at length burst forth in a torrent of mingled mud and stone, which overwhelmed everything in its course, and rushed into the lake of Lowertz; while the woods and pastures on the surface suddenly sunk into the unoccupied chasm. This opinion derives support from the statement of some shepherds, published at Schwytz, in which they speak of having discovered a cavern, at a considerable height up the mountain, the small opening of which was suddenly enlarged into the form of a prodigious arch. They add, that a collection of water was found within it, the extent of which they could neither explore nor fathom. At a greater elevation were several holes, into which, if a stone were thrown, there was found no re-

verberation; plainly indicating that the mountain was perforated in this manner to an unascertainable depth.

The extent of the mischief cannot, perhaps, be fully determined. The villages of Goldau and Busingen, with the hamlet of Hueloch, were covered with ruin; the same may be reported of the greater part of the village of Lowertz; while the loosened fragments rolled upon Unter and Ober-Röthen, and swept away a multitude of isolated habitations and buildings in the plain. The waters of the lake of Lowertz, being forced in the opposite direction to the descending mass, endangered the village of Seven, on the other side of the lake, and even destroyed a few houses. On the little islet was found a vast accumulation of wrecks; and in the village of Steinen a quantity of fish had been driven with the waves, and floated about the streets.

It has been calculated that nearly one thousand persons suffered by this convulsion of nature, which was rendered more melancholy by the sudden and surprising manner of its occurrence. Several gentlemen and ladies of distinction, who were at the instant crossing the bridge of Goldau, perished; while some of their companions, who had preceded them only a short distance, were saved. One or two remarkable escapes have been narrated, which there is reason to believe are authentic.

A servant at the village of Busingen fled into a barn; but the place of refuge soon afterwards became a perfect wreck. Providentially a beam was impeded by a fragment of rock, and thrown over his head in a slanting direction, so as to afford him an effectual protection from even the

slightest injury. An infant at the breast was caught and borne along the surface of the agitated lake, till it was safely deposited in the neighbouring meadow. Some persons went from Lowertz to extricate, if possible, a servant girl from a most perilous situation, in consequence of the house in which she dwelt being overwhelmed with the torrent of mingled mud and stone. She had separated and returned from the fugitive family, with whom she was attempting to effect her escape, to search for one of the children that was missing. At the moment of entering the house, it seemed to be swept along with great rapidity; and scarcely had she reached the apartment where she hoped to find the object of her pursuit, ere she found herself in darkness, and, to her own apprehensions, sinking as into a deep chasm. The voice of the child was distinctly heard, but she was incapable of stirring from the place to afford assistance. Concluding that all was lost, she told the child it was the end of the world, that all aid was impossible, and nothing remained but patiently and submissively to wait for death. During this conversation they heard, indistinctly, the sound of the evening bell at the village of Steinen, which in some degree inspired the hope of deliverance. Throughout the whole night, however, they numbered every hour, which successively was deemed their last, till, at the break of day, her master, who had come to search for his wife, but only to find her a stiffened corpse buried in the mud, was enabled to extricate both servant and child from their imminent danger.

what will thy mistress say? She will say that her knight died worthily.

Ay, rouse thee—for the fight yet chafes in the distance! Thy friends are shouting, thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field, that seems to mock the purpled clouds above it!—prostrate they lie—drenched in their dark red pool—thy friends and enemies—the dead, and dying! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes—linked in their long embrace—their first, and last—the gripe of death.

Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin:—white plume and steel morion; sabre and ataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corselet! We came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting—glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled, and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight! hast thou yet a thought—bend it on heaven! The past is gone; the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon gorgeous sky; thy home should lie beyond it!

Life, honour, love,—they pass to him that gave them. Pride—that came on like ocean's billows—see—round thee how it lies mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor.

The high-born have no precedence. The strong are powerless ; the mean content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier ! she who sped thee on thy course to-day—her blue eye shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow, but it shall seek thee in vain ! Well ! thus it is thou shouldst have died ! with all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing ? Proud necks shall mourn for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee. Death ! glory takes out thy sting.

The shades of night are drawing on : soldier, thine eyes are darkening. A last rim of the sun lies yet upon the distant hill—even as he sinks, thy soul shall follow him ! See how thy steed feeds beside thee. His dark eye falls mildly on his master, and he pauses. Poor wretch ! thine instinct sees some wrong, yet knows it not. Browse on ; and heaven, which guards its meanest creatures, send thee a kind protector ?

Warrior ! Ay, the stream of that rill flows cool ; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam, shall glitter on thy corselet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo ! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry. And the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness. Oh, soldier ! how sweetly now sounds thy lady's lute—how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans ! That lute shall enchant thee—those flowers shall delight thee—no more.

One other charge !—Soldier, it may not be. To thy

saint and thy lady commend thee ! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall ! Hark to its long note—sweet is that sound in the ear of the spent and routed foe !

The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived—its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath ! thou shouldst be a soldier's pillow. Moon ! let thy cold light this night fall upon him. But morning ! thy soft dews shall tempt him not : the soldier must wake no more. Soldier, farewell !

From subject Nature to her monarch, God!
 That hymn shall come upon thy drooping soul
 Like morning to the sick, or evening dew
 To the parched desert.

Knoweth not the sea its bounds?—

The unfathomed sea—hath not the Almighty eye
 Measured its secret caves? Lovest thou the case
 Or the gem hid within?—the body vile
 Or the free soul it serves?—*That* shall return
 To the rude elements!—*This* mounts!—Then what avails
 A little sleep beneath the incumbent earth
 Or swelling wave? If yon retreating ship
 Return no more, is he then *lost*, my sister?
 Nay, look not sad! If the great Father rock
 His child—*thy love*—for a few fleeting years
 In the soft cradle of the heaving deep,
 'Tis but a little longer voyage! How vain—
 When Time lies low, and you are weaving flowers—
 Heaven's flowers—for mutual wreaths, upon the banks
 Of the deep current of Eternity,
 How vain will seem to your broad vision then,
 The tears shed, childlike, on this atom,—Earth,
 O'er those mere childish phantoms—human ills!
 Look not so sad, sweet mourner!

KALB WASCHEL AND THE WASP.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Timing of the Shrew.

My grandfather was wont to say, that, if every man would faithfully disclose the marvellous events and dispensations in which he had been a sharer, there would be no room for the exercise of that spirit of unbelief as to things of a miraculous nature with which the most favoured quarter of the world, and in no little degree our own land, is so lamentably infested. But it so being, that every man does, as it were, shrink from and avoid the making of narrations and assertions, the which might subject him perchance to the ridicule of the unthinking and frivolous many, whose thoughts do most slightly skim the deceitful surface of things, it ensues, by a natural generation of events, that the minds of men are awfully **closed** and obnubilated against the reception of any light more strong than the diurnal beam, that is needful to guide them in their matters of transitory import.

This and many other observations of my grandfather, to whose care it pleased Providence that I should be early abandoned by the untimely demise of Hans Waschel, my own father, I treasured up in my mind as the valuable

fructifications of his ingenious mind, operating on the seed of experience which he had gleaned in a long and eventful, and, I may say, honourable and meritorious, pilgrimage. These, I say, I laid up to be used when the day of need should arrive, in conjunction with those stores, greater or less, which my own opportunities and reflections might gather and create. And great reason have I to congratulate myself on the experience and wisdom which I thus anticipated; whereby I arrived at a manhood of knowledge and experience before my time, the diligent employ whereof has enabled me, after many years of hard but cheerful labour, to end my days in a grateful relaxation from trouble and anxiety in my native town of Schaffhausen.

Now it was some brief time, say six months, after I found myself thus enabled—and a source of great and humble thanksgiving it was to me—to withdraw from the useful occupation of hutt-macher in which I had been engaged, that the historical episode, of which I am about to offer some memorial, took place. It was on the night of the 30th of August, day being advanced until it was nigh about to depart, that I was sitting in a snug three-cornered room, in which, on a chilly evening, I usually enjoy my meerschaum (pipe) and moderate libation of not contemptible Rhenish. For, being a bachelor, and having no immediate kindred for whom I feel any of that natural regard that prompts a kindly-hearted man to restrict his reasonable gratifications, I indulge without scruple in these rewards of my past labours; and thus it was that I was engaged on the aforesaid evening of the 30th of August, A. D. ———.

The evening was chilly. I had caused the hearth to be well replenished with fagots, and a soul-cheering blaze they threw up; long, wavering, rejoicing flakes, lighting all the room with a glorious illumination, and chasing away the moist particles that hung in the air. I had eaten, with much inward satisfaction, an exceeding savoury Strasbourg pâté, a present from an elderly woman who resided in that city, a distant relation of my own, it may be, who looked to the future, having regard to the possibility of surviving me; and if so, it is odds but she is mistaken. However, this was no impeachment of the pâté, which I discussed with an infinite *gusto*, as the Italian people call it, as I learnt from one that had travelled in that land, and from whose converse I jotted down some small samples of information, more by way of ornament than of use, however.

Now, whether it was the spicy flavour of the condiments which I had eaten that increased my thirst, or the cheering look of the apartment that invited a prolongation of the evening, I will not say; but so it was, that, after washing down my food with my accustomed and moderate quantity of liquor, I could not forbear the temptation of repeating the same; so, fetching forth a second flask from the black oaken cupboard with brass knobs, I replenished my meerschäum, and, stretching forth my legs to the hearth, I inhaled the sweet fumes of the weed alternately with the pleasing stream of the vine.

Thus seated, I amused myself by discussing in my own mind the memoranda of my past life, and the webs of thought of which these reminiscences were the germ, and

by endeavouring to find out among the glowing coals a queue, or tail, comparable to that of Johann Schlid, my neighbour, the schoolmaster, of whose head I had already, in fanciful mood, established a sort of fiery type. Now, as the aforesaid Johann Schlid hath, by dint of much quaffing of the vine and other more irascible liquors, acquired a most rubicund frontispiece, the conceit of tracing out the same in like glowing materials pleased me so much, that I breathed around the fumes of my meerschaum with redoubled zest, until the very candle became invisible.

Being thus, as it were, enveloped in darkness, it was with no little alarm that I heard the buzzing, restless, angry voice of a wasp in the apartment, and bethought me how great a chance there was of my being wounded by the unseen and subtle weapon of this enemy of mankind. I hastily drew my meerschaum from my lips, and began to puff and blow in a wonderful manner, in the hopes of dissipating the dense cloud by which, like a second Jason, I was embraced. While I was thus engaged, I heard, with indescribable dread, the abhorred animal buzzing close by my very ear, and actually felt him as, in one of his gyrations, he brushed my nose with his hideous wing.

It was no small relief to me, when, the cloud dissipating, I was enabled to see my ground, and meet the enemy on an open field. He was whizzing about close to the ceiling. A more monstrous and cannibal-like creature I never saw, and at times the violence of his circumvolution was such, that I dreaded lest he should be inflamed with hydrophobia. I could not help calling to mind all that my grandfather had

told me of the bites of mosquitoes, tarantulas, and other venomous brutes; and figured to myself the bite of this wasp worse than all, individually and collectively.

Meanwhile the creature, wearied with his own follies, sat down in a quiet and orderly manner in the corner of the black oaken cupboard. The sight of this instantaneously inspired me with the design of extinguishing my odious guest. So, mounting on a three-legged stool to bring my breast on a level with the summit of the cupboard, I took out my red silk handkerchief with yellow corners, a war-like and bloody-looking web, well suiting the occasion. But lo! the moment I endeavoured to inflict a heavy crush on him, the animal bounced from his station directly into my face. Over I went, and over went the three-legged stool, and I found myself in an instant supine in the middle of the room.

Up I got with a wondrous celerity, and violently renewed the attack. Ach, Himmel! what a scuffle! He up and down, I up and down, he buzzing and buzzing, I shouting and thumping, lashing him with my red handkerchief with yellow corners, in the hope of inflicting a death-blow on the wretch. At last he ceased his buzzing and flying, and, depositing himself on the table, stared me full in the face with a most impudent indifference. Nay, I actually thought I saw him smile, and, roused into new indignation by his assurance, I pounced upon him. He died of suffocation, under the pressure of my red pocket handkerchief.

I removed the fatal silk. I saw him, in the agonies of death, twist his tail under his belly till he was almost

doubled into a ball. I heard his expiring buzz hoarsely deepening into a sort of roar. Suddenly he stretched out his limbs with an acute convulsive motion: I knew he was dead.

Until this moment I had enjoyed a savage delight in witnessing the death-pains of the unfortunate aeronaut, whose lifeless and bruised frame lay before me. Yet I may safely avow, that such an unchristian spirit was wholly alien from my disposition. But the trouble the creature had given me had heated and embittered my blood, even as Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, was stirred up against the children, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. But now it was over; and I felt a dim sort of moisture glooming and diffusing itself over my eyes, till I was fain to rub them with my hand: for I did, in a manner, shrink from employing on this occasion my red handkerchief with yellow corners.

I resumed my seat, but could not resume the cheerful and pleasant mood which had before possessed me. I felt gloomy, and everything else seemed to sympathize in this affection of the spirit. The fire had sunk, and the dull red embers lay without a flame on the hearth. Johann Schlid's head, and his long tail, had vanished away. The black wick of the candle had grown to an enormous length, expanding at the summit into a huge crown, which looked, to my eyes, like a wasp. These, to be sure, were easily remedied, but the state of my own mind it was more difficult to alter.

I called my meerschaum and a third flask to my aid; but they aided me not. I could not but feel a strange remorse

for the deed I had committed, and did vainly call to mind and represent to myself, that what I had done was consistent with the law of self-defence; which, on a violent presumption of injury intended does allow the party threatened to use his natural means of averting the evil at the expense of the evil doer. But it would not do; I became sadder and sadder.

It seemed to me, that, through the blue vapour that curled around me, I saw the eyes of the deceased glaring upon me in a frightful manner. It seemed, too, that at times my red handkerchief, as it lay on the table, assumed a deeper and bloodier hue, and its yellow corners arrayed themselves into the semblance of the bands of a wasp.

As I sat bethinking me of what I had heard of the future existence of the animal creation, and of the essential difference between the instinctive and the rational faculties, I beheld, to my perfect horror, the form of a wasp, seated in a most awful and unconcerned manner on my meerschaum bowl. I say awful, for I had inhaled the fumes with such zeal and rapidity, that the bowl was by this time red-hot, so that no animal endowed with feeling would have ventured near it: a very salamander would have turned away from the burning and fiery globe.

Yet when he sat with his eyes upon me—great shining eyes—I trembled; yes, I trembled at his unnatural gaze, yet could I not make a single movement to admonish his departure. My pipe seemed glued to my lips, and I continued to smoke away, quaking internally all the while.

As I gazed on the creature, he seemed to increase in

bulk in manner most wonderful and portentous: presently he was as big as a cockchafer. This, to be sure, was surprising enough; yet I flinched not. But when he grew as large as a mouse, I sprang up, and, with a cry of terror, dashed out of the room and the house, and he after me.

Down the street, and out of the town in a moment. I ran with the speed of despair, and soon was out of sight of Schaffhausen. I was a good runner in my youth, and won some prizes in that way. What availed they now, when, for aught I know, I was about to perish under the sting of this villanous animal?

Hitherto he had been silent; but now, in a solitary region, where all appearance of human habitations was far off, he began to buzz. The sound was as that of innumerable mills. I looked behind. Leider! where was my chance of escape from a wasp of the size of a bull-calf!

“Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

I had no hope, but I ran. Ran! I flew. Field, moor, hill, and valley, were crossed with the speed of the winged lightning; and then followed me the thundering buzz of the giant wasp. It grew every instant more loud and more horrible. It spoke of vengeance, bloody and unforgiving vengeance.

A river was before me. I was on the bank of the Danube, not far from its source. I gave a bound, and plunged into the midst of the stream. The next moment I had gained the farther bank, and renewed my course.

“Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

There was not a moment's respite from the horrid sound.

It pursued me close. It thrilled through me. My whole body seemed endued with the faculty of hearing. Every vein and every pore were filled with the maddening noise.

The moon burst from a cloud. She threw her beams on a scene of wild romance. Around was an irregular territory, intersected with rivulets; before me the strong outline of the Black Forest was silvered with a bright reflection.

I plunged into the forest. In my youth I had been familiar with its green recesses and its passes; and here I began to cherish a hope that I should escape the pursuer. Escape the devil rather! He followed after me, kept up to me in all the windings of the forest, buzzing and buzzing all the while, till the very trees rustled and shook, and the birds, aroused from their slumbers, took wing, and hovered about in the air with a compound of cawing, hooting, shrieking, whistling, and jabbering, that was wonderful and horrible to hear.

Out of the wood we got; and now I was so exhausted by the fatigue and the fright, the wear and tear of body and mind which I had undergone and was undergoing, that my senses fell, as it were, into a trance. My eyes waxed dim; my hearing indistinct; my memory faded away. I heard no longer even the buzzing of the enemy. In a word, I was senseless; but I ran, even as the ball of a musket continues its flight long after it has left the barrel that at first guided and directed it.

When I recovered from this state, the morning sun was just about to rise, and the light fleecy clouds were in a blush. Was I alone? had the pursuer ceased to follow?

“Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

On we went. What object was that before me? a huge and magnificent structure of Gothic beauty; its thousand pinnacles rising to catch the first sunbeam. It was the Cathedral of Ulm! I had ran a degree of the globe!

The idea staggered me. I felt sick, and shook with terror. Was I inspired by a demon, that my bodily powers should thus exceed those of my species?

“Kalb Waschel, thou art delivered to the power of the Evil One!” As I said this internally, I closed my eyes in dread. I opened them to greater horror. The Cathedral of Ulm was gone, and in its place rose, towering to the sky, a gigantic wasp’s nest.

I fell to the ground: my pursuer fluttered over me. His buzz sounded in my ears like the roar of a cataract. He turned his eyes on me: he grinned with exultation. He darted his sting at me; in the fury of despair I grasped it with both hands.

“Let go my tail! let go my tail! Kalb Waschel, I say, let go my tail!”

I found myself lying on my own bed: there I lay, pulling with might and main the long queue of Johann Schlid’s hair, whilst, bellowing with rage and pain, he threatened I know not what; and his red face was redder than ever, the very colour of a turkey-cock’s comb; and his little ferret eyes gleamed and glowed amongst the fiery ground in which they were set, like the corners of my red handkerchief.

I laughed for a half hour at the most truly and wonder-

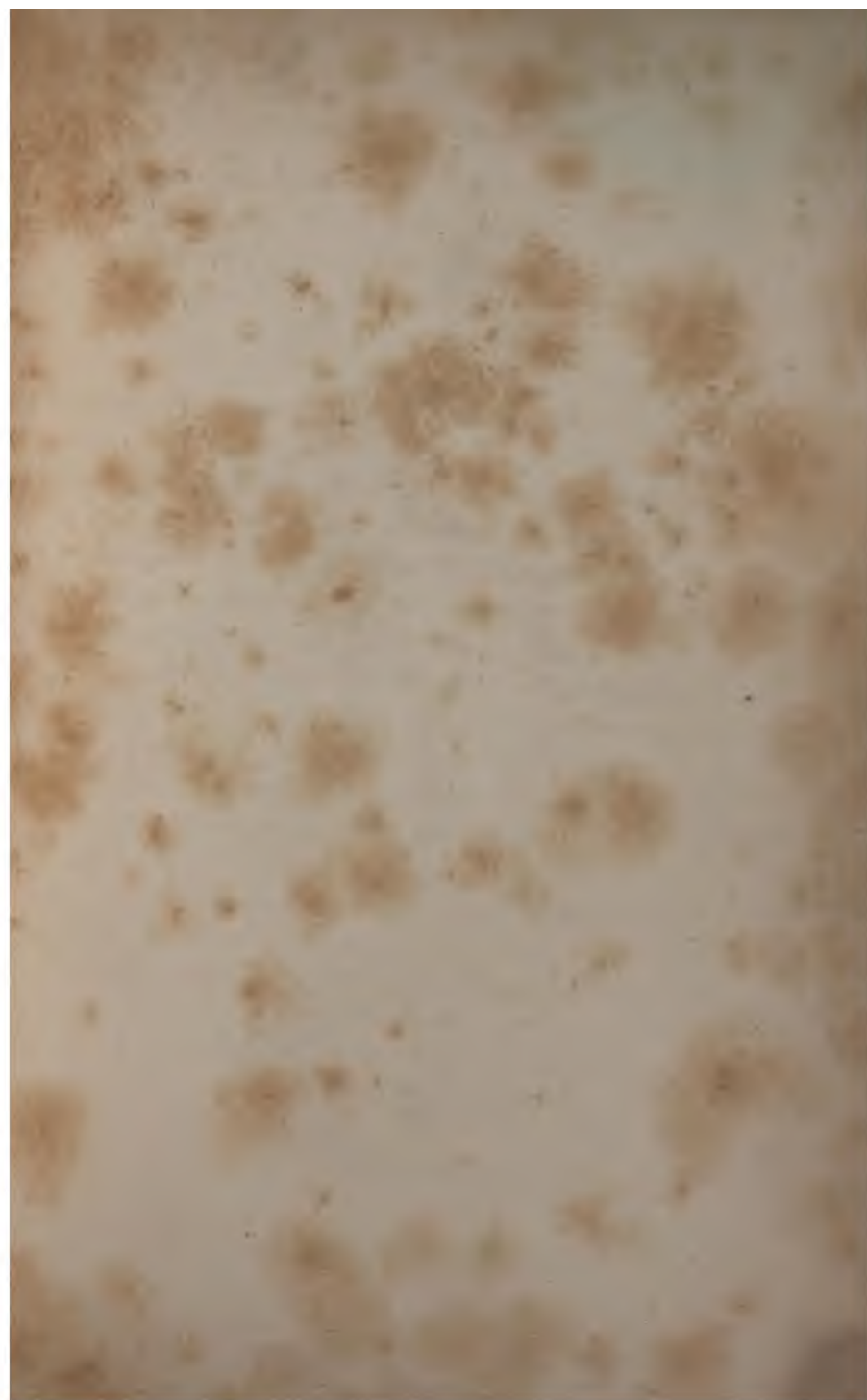
fully ridiculous figure of my worthy friend, the schoolmaster of Schaffhausen, who writhed about like unto a juvenile suffering under the wholesome discipline of the birch. At last I pacified him, and I told him what I had undergone.

At this he looked very grave, for he was a man much versed in obscure and occult learning, and held many opinions touching preternatural things, differing from the received doctrines, and the loose ideas of the unerudite vulgar.

“I do not know, Kalb,” said he at last, “what to make of your story; but the next time I would entreat you not to make so free with my tail.”

SONNET.

MID laughing circles of the gay and young
I found thee, lady! like a seraph bright,
Fair as the glowing visions of delight
That round my paths of first enchantment sprung:
Far o'er the frivolous train that round thee hung
Soaring; yet linked to Wrong though loving Right;
And, ah! unable, by a glorious flight,
To burst the chains that fashion o'er thee flung!
Amelia! can that ardent soul of thine
With meteor blaze round folly's circuit driven,
Its better birthright weakly thus resign?
Bethink thee that a nobler choice was given—
A Star of Peace, o'er life's dark maze to shine,
And guide benighted wanderers to Heaven!



fortunate editor charged with the selection or production of the several articles illustrative of the plates, finds himself subject to the penalty, without any claim to the reward. In the deep shade of his incognito, however, he feels, and trusts the reader will acknowledge, that he has committed no sacrilege against that mighty minister of thought, "*the gray goose-quill.*" The only proper mission of the arts is to refine and ennoble the mind;—that of the pen, to make men better or wiser. While confident that the former purpose will be measurably promoted by this little volume, he claims for himself the negative merit, that his portion of the work will exercise no tendency to make men worse, or tempt them into folly.

SONG.

“OH TELL ME THE WAY HOW TO WOO.”

I.

I LOVE the free ridge of the mountain
When Dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye ;
I love the old ash by the fountain
When Noon's summer fervours are high :
And dearly I love when the gray-mantled gloaming
Adown the dim valley glides slowly along,
To find me afar by the pine-forest roaming,
And listening the close of the gray linnet's song.

II.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters
Over ocean her silvery light,
And the whisper of woodlands and waters
Comes soft through the silence of night,
I love by the ruined tower lonely to linger,
And, dreaming, to fancy's wild witchery given,
To hear, as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,
The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven !

THE POET AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A POET walking forth by night
(For poets aye in shades delight),
In silence meditating, came
To where a Glow-worm's emerald flame,
Darting around its modest ray,
Faintly illumed the darkling way.
The bard attracted, gazing stood,
Till wrought into the musing mood,
The thoughts revolving in his breast,
In words aloud he thus expressed.

“ Poor insect ! impotent and vain,
Thou gloriest in thy direst bane,—
Thy pale and ineffectual light,—
Which guides the ravening pests of night,
The owl, and bat, and serpent brood,
All preying forth in quest of food,
Thy undefended life to seize,
And with thy frame their wants appease :
While from its beam no good I see,
Useless to all the world and thee.”

“ Cease, foolish man,” the Glow-worm cried,
Now first with human speech supplied,—
“ Cease to contemn the talent Heaven
To me hath bountifully given,
Akin to that on which thou, blind,
Valuest thyself above thy kind.
In this is human weakness shown ;
Man sees all dangers but his own ;
Nature’s wise work in me arraigns,
And of my helpless state complains ;
While his own never-ceasing aim
Is only to attain the same,—
The same distinguished power to shine,
Tho’ far more perilous than mine :
For brutes, though hunger may inspire,
Fear to assail my seeming fire,
And thus this light exposed to view
Is both my pride and safeguard too.
But what avails in modern days
The splendour of the Poet’s blaze ?
Say, shields it from the woes of life,
From envy, malice, slander, strife,
Insult, oppression, scorn and hate,
The frowns of fortune and of fate ?
Or rather, does it not expose
To other ills and add to those ?
Go, ask thy heart, and from it learn
Our different merits to discern ;

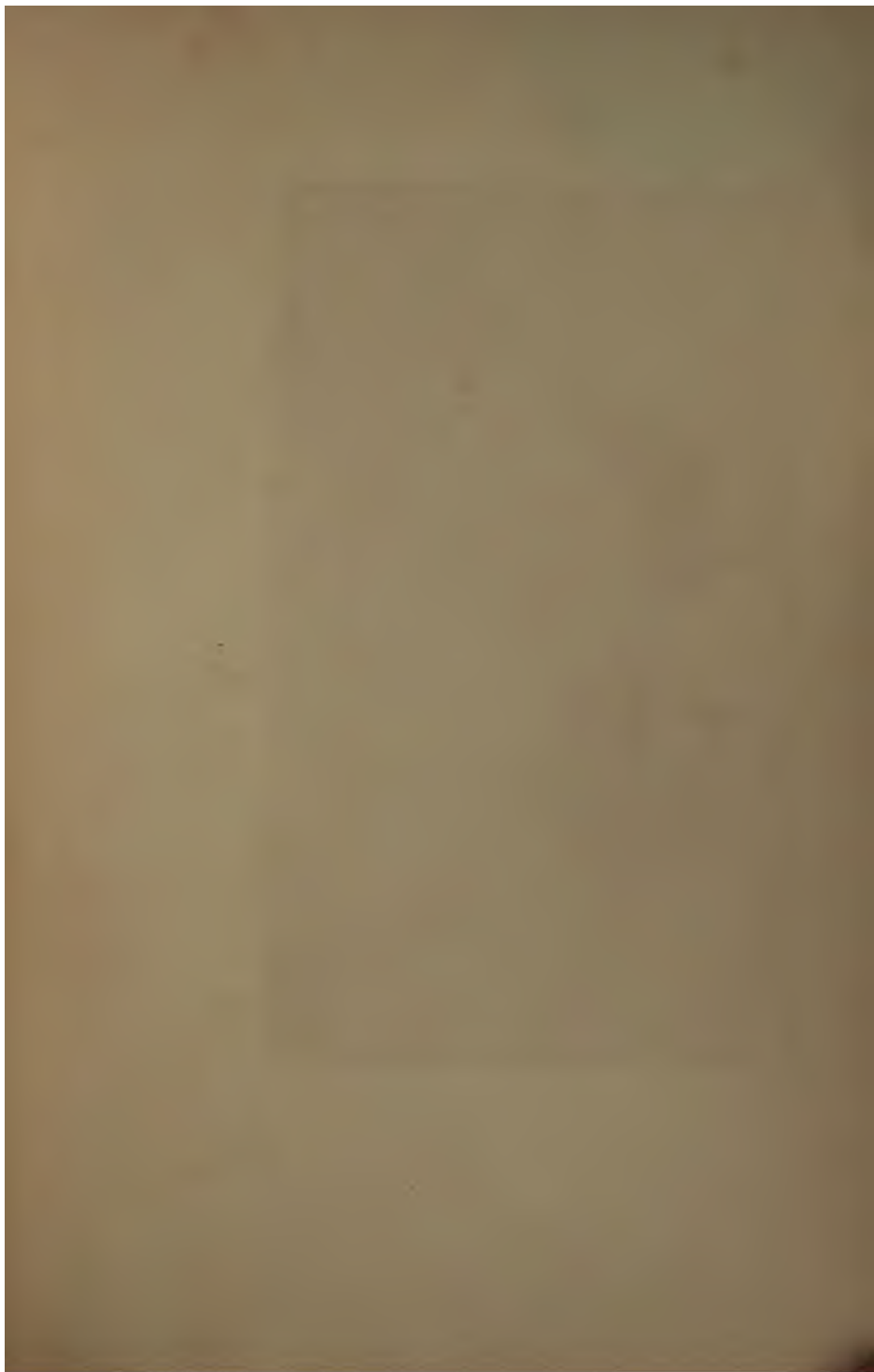
And own thy censure was unwise,
Nor more superior worth despise."

The bard, rebuked, in haste withdrew :
From sad experience well he knew,
The insect's picture was too true !

T H E E N D .

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